The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOW READY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature,

1s. net. **PART IX.** *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception

News Notes.

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "The Treasure of Heaven," is to be published by Messrs. Constable in the last week of July. There is good reason for believing that it will occupy a place second to none among Miss Corelli's successes.

Speaking of the daring, so little common at the present day, with which this writer has attacked notorious encroachments and abuses by the rich and powerful, who are rather apt to regard themselves as above satire and beyond criticism, it is noteworthy that most of the charges which Father Vaughan has recently levelled against *la haute société* have already found full exposition in Miss Corelli's *Free Opinions*, an armoury from which few effective and up-to-date weapons of offence against modern extravagance will be found to be absent.

Readers and collectors of Lowell and Henry James will be interested to hear that two highly detailed and skilfully edited bibliographies are being prepared to the works of these two writers. A large proportion of the work of both has never been reprinted in book-form, but is scattered among the files of extinct periodicals. Sections will be devoted to anonymous work. Both will be issued by Messrs. Constable in special limited editions. The Lowell Bibliography will be an invaluable companion to Mr. Greenslet's admirable biography of quite recent date.

A diminution of ninety members for the year was in some measure responsible for the unusual amount of oratorical talent displayed at the annual meeting of the London Library on June 14th. The report was introduced by Mr. Balfour, and formal motions were proposed and seconded by Viscount Curzon and A. E. W. Mason, and by Maurice Hewlett and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. The London Library was described as a place to be serious in with impunity, and an ambiguous reference was thrown out to the convolutions of a circulating Octopus in Oxford Street.

All students of philosophy will be glad to hear that another volume is in course of being compiled from the materials left by the late Professor Adamson. At his untimely death a very general regret was expressed that he had not lived to produce a literary monument proportionate to his unique reputation for philosophical learning. In this respect a notable gap was filled by the two volumes on "The Development of Modern Philosophy," edited by his friend, Professor Sorley. The forthcoming work will deal with "The Development of Greek Philosophy," and will be edited by Professor Sorley in collaboration with Mr. R. P. Hardie, Lecturer in Logic at the University of Edinburgh. The work, which is especially designed for

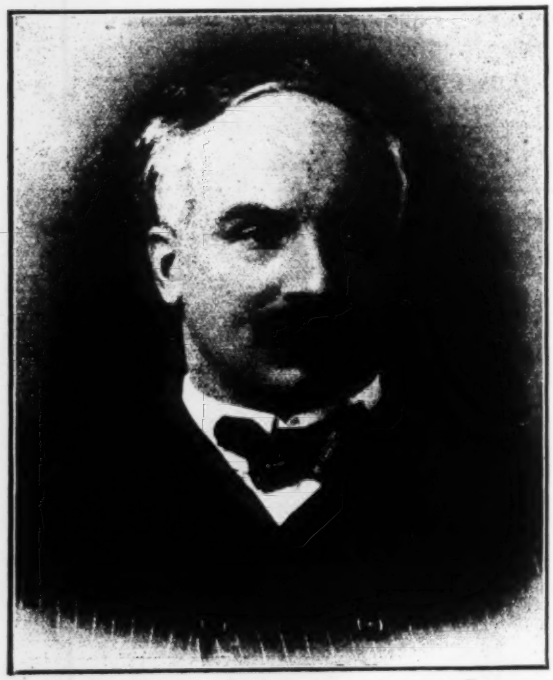

Photo W. Avenell and Co., Brighton. **Mr. Vincent Brown.**
Author of "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix."

the use of men reading for "Greats," will be published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

Apropos of the "House of Cobwebs," which we review in the present number, and which has already, we note, reached a second edition, a good deal has been said of the profound influence that Dickens exerted upon Gissing. The influence is avowed, and is quite manifest, but it is none the less true, as we happen to know, that Gissing in his later years decidedly preferred Thackeray to Dickens, and would have liked to have written a companion volume on the author of "Vanity Fair" to his masterly study of the creator of "Pickwick."

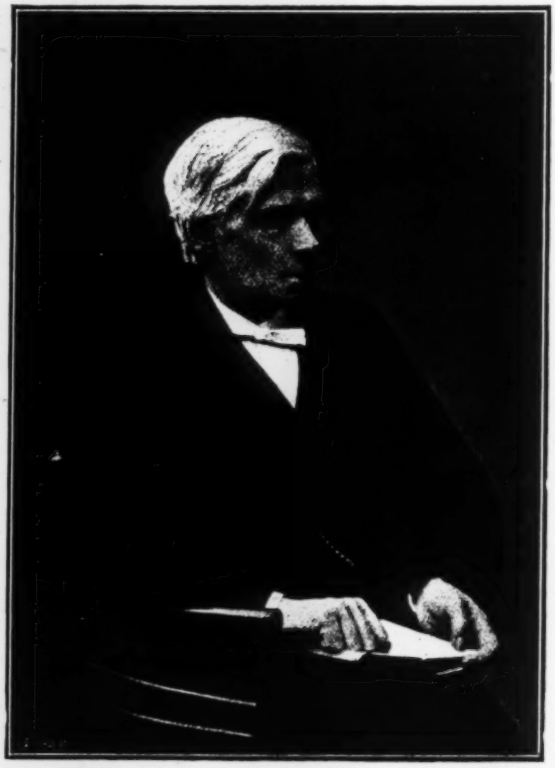

Photo Elliott and Fry. **The late Canon Ainger.**

Recent years have witnessed a great revival of interest in the Antarctic. Expeditions have been sent into these almost unknown regions by Germany, Sweden, France, England, and Scotland. An account of the Scottish expedition, which was planned, organised and carried to a successful issue by its leader, Mr. William S. Bruce, has been written by three members of the scientific staff—Dr. J. H. Harvie Pirie, Mr. R. C. Mossman, and Mr. R. N. R. Brown—and will be published by Messrs. Blackwood early in the autumn, under the title of "The Voyage of the *Scotia*." The work will be illustrated from photographs taken by members of the expedition.

The publication of Mr. Edward Noble's new novel, "Fisherman's Gat," is delayed until September, in order that publication may take place then simultaneously in this country and America.

The late Georgian period seems destined to rather a large share of attention at present. We have recently noticed Lord Lamington and Mr. Whishaw (the Pope of Holland House), and Mr. Atlay's Georgian Chancellors. The late Warden of Merton's volume, in Messrs. Longman's Political History, contains a very optimistic summary of the ten years' tenure of the last George. The perpetrator of the famous mot, "Who's your fat friend?", Beau Brummel, again, is the subject of a most attractively written article by Jacques Boulenger, in the *Mercure de France* of 1st May. Mr. Melville's personal biography of the first gentleman of Europe, which ought to be a complete repertoire of Georgian anecdote and illustrations, is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in September.

An interesting article by the same writer appeared in the June number of the *Book Monthly* respecting the formation of a Thackeray Club, to which we believe that there is every prospect of a lively response. Thackeray is emphatically a novelist to be toasted, and, like most good authors, he could well stand to be far better known than he is. If some really knowing person were to take a few of us on his lap, and question us, as Dr. Johnson questioned Dr. Percy's little girl about the "Pilgrim's Progress," concerning the authors we thought we knew something about, one is afraid that the result might be no less disconcerting, and our knowledge estimated at the same low rate of less than a farthing.

Mr. H. G. Wells has commented in one of his recent books upon the sad decay of literary controversy.

He deplores the dearth of verbal pugilism. Mr. Lucas would appear to have given ear to his complaint, and a ring has been marked out in the *Athenæum*, in which he and Mr. Grant Richards stand committed to engage.

Our sympathies, we admit, are with Mr. Lucas. Suppose that within a few years of the first issue of *The Golden Treasury*, a *Golden Thesaurus* had been brought out in cutting competition with, instead of a Sicilian boy and a rustic flute, an Arcadian youth with a tibia upon the title. Mr. Palgrave would have had an indisputable grievance.

The attempt to insinuate such an anthology as "Traveller's Joy" in the place of "The Open Road" is apparently somewhat similar. And yet, so strongly are the sympathies enlisted upon the side of defence in this kind of literary duel that one can hardly deny that the two most prominent impressions which emerge are the suggestions of Mr. Richards: first, that his adversary ascends the muezzin five times daily to declare to all the world that Mr. Grant Richards owes him money, and secondly, that the distinctive thing about the book was its *format* (O blessed word!), of which he the inventor was alone able to appreciate the sovereign merit. The question of exclusive rights in anthologies and book decorations is undoubtedly a very difficult one.

Mr. Hector Macpherson, Jun., son of the gifted editor of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, is the author of a work which Messrs. Blackwood have in the press, entitled "A Century's Progress in Astronomy." The volume gives a history of the development of the science during the XIXth century.

What is the chief factor in making a book sell? This is a question that is constantly being propounded, and it is one which probably no publisher could answer satisfactorily. It is said that continuous advertising will sell any quack medicine, but publishers know to their cost that it is not so with books. The advertising of books is beset by a two-fold danger. For when a book sells, the publisher cannot be certain that it would not have sold as well without it, and if it does not, he discovers in nine cases out of ten that no amount of shouting will quicken a dead dog into life and "circulation."

There is no doubt that what helps a book most is "getting it to be talked about." This does not carry us far in the way of a satisfactory answer, but it is doubtful if we can get nearer to the solution. A ridiculous mistake, as in the case of "Lorna Doone," may be the means of bringing this about. Or it may be effected by a sermon from a bishop, or a postcard from a statesman. An outstanding review from high quarters has still an appreciable effect, but this is truer of any branch of literature rather than of fiction. A curious instance of this is the now celebrated novel, "The Jungle." On its first appearance in England the book excited little or no comment, and it is not likely we should have heard of it again, but for the result of Mr. Roosevelt's inquiry. The case, indeed, is perhaps not altogether pertinent, as Mr. Upton Sinclair makes his appeal less to our literary instinct than to our outraged digestion. We may expect to hear of "The Jungle" being translated into every living language, for the whole world is girdled round with cans of embalmed beef.

A persistent rumour tells us that Mr. Upton Sinclair has himself been converted into a "trust." We suppose the firm will be known as "The International Exposure Co." Such an undertaking will court the old danger of crying "wolf" once too often, but the theory is sound enough. A literature that touches the stomach has a future before it undreamed of by those who appeal only to heart or head.

Photo Lizzie Caswell Smith. **Mr. Herbert Macllwaine.**
Author of "Anthony Britten."

We are glad to inform our readers that the competition instituted by THE BOOKMAN, for stories for boys and girls and little children, has already met with a very satisfactory response. MSS. have been pouring in upon us, and we look forward to the final adjudication to yield interesting results. We may remind competitors that the list closes on July 4th.

A new and exhaustive work on Haddon Hall, by Mr. G. Le Blanc Smith, is announced to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately, under the title

J. Storer Clouston.
Author of "Count Bunker."

"Haddon: The Manor, the Hall: Its Lords and Traditions." The work will deal with the great families who have owned Haddon since the Conquest, and will furnish much new and hitherto unpublished information concerning the estate and its owners. It will, among other interesting items, give in detail some curious Steward's accounts; the only existing letter of Dorothy Vernon, with a facsimile of her signature, and the pedigree of the Vernons from Godfrey, the Consul, to the present time. A full description of the ancient fabric, its store of tapestry, old glass, carvings, and metal work is given, and the whole work will be fully illustrated by photographs and facsimiles, many of which have not been seen before. The book will be dedicated to the Duke of Rutland, by whose permission it has been compiled.

The work on Land Reform which Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., the President of the Rural Labourers' League, has been engaged upon will be published about the middle of the month.

We are indebted to Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt for kind permission to reproduce a number of interesting portraits of his famous ancestor.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 21ST TO JUNE 20TH, 1906.

Dulness has been the prevalent feature of the past month, and markedly so. All classes of literature have felt its effect, the usually hardy novel not excepted, although to a somewhat lesser extent.

The output of six-shilling novels has been well maintained, but with one exception the demand for any single work has not reached a notable dimension. There is small doubt but that the sales in this line at remainder prices, even of volumes of comparatively recent appearance, must act adversely on the general market. Mr. Upton Sinclair's production has compelled attention far and away beyond all others, and although the previous sales warranted mention in the last report, the public did not at first realise its full import, which after events have emphasised sufficiently to give it a world-wide fame. The demand has, however, subsequently become so urgent that the supply was for a time exhausted, and "The Jungle" has proved the foremost item of the month.

A steady demand has also been experienced for "Fenwick's Career," "In Subjection," "Queen of the Rushes," "Thalassa," and "The Mystery of a Motor Car," together with several previously-mentioned items.

"From a College Window," "Cornish Saints and Sinners," and "From a Cornish Window," all volumes of a charmingly discursive nature, have been frequently in request.

The appetite for the "Printers' Pie" appears to increase with each year's serving, and it is evidently owing to the flavour of the contents, equally with the charitable purpose for which it is issued, that has caused the large edition to be entirely disposed of within a few days of publication.

Illustrated handbooks to the Royal Academy, together with guides to health resorts, have moved freely, together with a small volume on "The Art of Motor Driving," and another on "Practical Rifle Shooting."

Three small issues of pictures from *Punch* on "The Seaside," "The Continong," and "The Railway," have doubtless lightened the tedium of many a traveller.

"The Business Blue Book," an encyclopædic production for commercial men, has taken on.

Among the other successful lines which call for notice are: Collett's "Handbook of British Inland Birds," Dyce's "Reminiscences," and Trevelyan's "Poetry of George Meredith."

Sixpenny reprints are again to the front, and appear to maintain an undiminished popularity as holiday literature.

The marriage of the King of Spain occasioned a very heavy demand for all classes of illustrated periodicals.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six-Shilling Novels.

The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Set in Authority. By S. J. Duncan.
Salted Almonds. By F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder.)
Queen of the Rushes. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Mystery of a Motor Car. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Thalassa. By Mrs. B. Reynolds. (Hutchinson.)
What Became of Pam. By Baroness von Hutten. (Heinemann.)
Beyond the Rocks. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
In Subjection. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)

From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Cornish Saints and Sinners. By J. H. Harris. 6s. (Lane.)
Pater (W.), Life. By A. C. Benson (E.M.L.) 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Dyce (A.), Personal Reminiscences. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Collett's Handbook to Inland Birds of British Isles. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. By G. M. Trevelyan. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Art of Driving Motors. By Lord Montague. 1s. net. ("Car.")
Practical Rifle Shooting. By M. Hall. 1s. net. (Hodges, Figgis.)
Printers' Pie. 1s. net. ("Sphere.")
Mr. Punch on the Seaside, the Continong, and the Railway. Each 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
The Business Blue Book. 1s. and 2s. net. (Curtis, Gardner.)
Handbooks to Royal Academy.

Guide Books and Illustrated Periodicals.
Sixpenny Reprints.

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
May 26—Slack in all departments.
June 2—Home quiet; export brisker.
,, 9—A slight improvement in country trade.
,, 16—A quiet week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

May 21st to June 20th, 1906.

The book of the month has been Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel with a purpose, entitled "The Jungle." Sensational material being at a low ebb, the newspapers quite took up this author and his book, with the result that the sale has gone up to long figures, so great being the demand that the publisher was somewhat taxed to execute the flow of orders.

In Biography we have been selling the "Biography of the Duke of Argyll," edited by the Dowager Duchess; the life of the great socialist, "Robert Owen," by Frank Podmore; "Joseph Chamberlain," an honest biography, by Alex. Mackintosh; and an up-to-date "Life of Robert Burns," by John Mackintosh, and also A. C. Benson's "Life of Walter Pater."

"The *Punch* Library of Humour." It was a happy thought to compile a selection of volumes under popular titles from the great *Punch* quarry—the cream of *Punch* for one shilling. The first three volumes have gone off well on publication, and will be a huge success during the holiday season.

In Fiction the six-shilling novel is again a large factor, and we find one or two of the volumes which are not quite new being still in demand. The following are the titles which are having the larger sales: "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair; J. Storer Clouston's "Count Bunker," a continuation in the style of "The Lunatic at Large," a volume which still sells steady in its cheaper form; "Beyond the Rocks," a love story by E. Glyn; E. T. Fowler's "In Subjection," a novel in the author's invariably brilliant style; "Ring in the New," by Richard Whiteing; E. F. Benson's "The Angel of Pain"; "What Became of Pam," by the author of "Pam," the Baroness von Hutten; "Lady Betty Across the Water," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Lady of the Decoration," a much-talked of book, the autobiography of a widow who wasn't sorry; "Red Records," by Alice Perrin, a tale of India; and S. R. Crockett's "Kid McGhie," a nugget of dim gold.

In Guides, Black's Pilgrimage Series and Guides from 6d. to 10s. 6d., Ward and Lock's "Shilling" Guides, Murray's Travellers' Handbooks, Methuen's Little Guides, Macmillan's Highways and Byways Series, the guides by J. B. Baddeley and Baedeker, and all the local guides, are being well stocked. Each year sees a number of new competitors in this line, while the maps of Bartholomew, Bacon, Johnstone, Philip, and Gall and Inglis are selling all over.

Again this year there has been quite a rush on that good fat budget of first-class stories and pictures, which is entitled "Printers' Pie," a Festival Souvenir of the Printers's Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. Last year 40,000 copies of this publication were disposed of.

The sale of the reprint of the classics still goes on steadily. With the re-issue of the "World's Classics" in thin paper, at such popular price, this series should have quite a new sale. Collins' "Pocket Novels" and "Everyman's Library," are still in strong demand, while the issue of the two new volumes in Nelson's "Sixpenny Classics" have wakened up the Series.

The two new Scottish works, viz.: "The Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff, illustrated in colour, and W. D. McKay's "The Scottish School of Painting," are being freely asked for, and should sell better later on.

Orders are being largely booked for the forthcoming novel by Marie Corelli, which is promised for publication during July.

The following volumes have also been in demand:—T. M. Lindsay's "History of the Reformation," Vol. 1; "The Hand Camera Companion and Guide," by F. C. Lambert; D. Macmillan's "Life of Geo. Buchanan"; "Life and Sport on a Pacific Slope," by H. A. Vachell; T. B. Drybrough's "Polo"; Nat Gould's "Straight Goer."

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six-Shilling Novels.

The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
Count Bunker. By J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood.)
Beyond the Rocks. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
In Subjection. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Ring in the New. By Richard Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
What Became of Pam. By Baroness von Hutten. (Heinemann.)
Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Lady of the Decoration; The Anonymous Autobiography of a "Widow Who Wasn't Sorry." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Red Records. By Alice Perrin. (Chatto and Windus.)

Photo Abeniacar, Rome. **Antonio Fogazzaro.**
Author o "The Saint."

Kid McGhie. By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (Murray.)
Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan.)
Mr. John Strood. By Percy White. (Constable.)

Miscellaneous.

The Duke of Argyll; Autobiography and Memoir. Edited by Dowager Duchess of Argyll. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Murray.)
Joseph Chamberlain—an Honest Biography. By Alex. Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Robert Owen. By Frank Podmore. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Life of Robert Burns. By John Mackintosh. 2s. 6d. net. (Gardner.)
George Buchanan. By D. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. (Morton.)
Walter Pater. By A. C. Benson. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Mr. Punch at the Seaside. 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
Mr. Punch's Railway Book. 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
Mr. Punch on the Continong. 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
Black's Pilgrimage Series. 6s. (Black.)
Highways and Byways Series. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Guide-Books. Various.
World's Classics. Various Editions. (Froude.)
Everyman's Library. Various. 1s. net and 2s. net. (Dent.)
Collins' Pocket Novels. Various. 1s. net and 2s. net. (Collins.)
Nelson's Classics. Various. 6d. (Nelson.)
The Scottish School of Painting. By W. D. McKay. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Illustrated in Colour by W. Smith. 10s. net. (Black.)
History of the Reformation. Vol. I. By T. M. Lindsay. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)
Hand Camera Companion and Guide. By F. C. Lambert. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Life and Sport on Pacific Slope. By H. A. Vachell. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Polo. By T. B. Drybrough. 15s. net. (Longmans.)
A Straight Goer. By Nat Gould. 2s. (J. Long.)

Sixpenny Novel Reprints.

Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Newnes.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. (Newnes.)
John of Gerisau. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
One of the Mob. By Nat Gould. (J. Long.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The King's Stockbroker. By A. C. Gunter. (Routledge.)
Who Giveth This Woman? By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Duke Decides. By H. Hill. (Hutchinson.)
Sins of the City. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
My Lady Greensleeves. By H. Mathers. (Hutchinson.)
The Procession of Life. By H. A. Vachell. (Nash.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From July 1 to August 1.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Woman at Kensington. 6s.
KERNAHAN, COULSON.—The Dumpling. 6s.

The Clarendon Press.

MURRAY, DR. JAS. A. H.—Oxford English Dictionary. A New Double Section. Ph.—Piper. 5s.
OMAN, C. W. C.—The Great Rebellion of 1381.
LUCAS, C. P., C.B.—The Canadian War of 1812.
MARKBY, SIR W.—Hindu and Mahommedan Law.
The Letters of Erasmus. Vol. I. to 1515. Edited by P. S. Allen.

Messrs. Digby, Long and Co.

RHODES, KATHLYN.—The Spinner. 6s.
DEAN, ELLIS.—The New Matron. 6s.
GLYNN, BARBARA.—The Soul of a Woman. 6s.
LEITH-ADAMS, MRS.—The Vicar of Dale End. 6s.
FLEMING, CLIFTON.—Baffled to Fight Better. 6s.
SPEIGHT, T. W.—Under a Cloud. 6s.

Messrs. Isbister and Co.

BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Queen's Tragedy. 6s.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Nursery Tales. "Told to the Children" Series. 1s. 6d. net.
Nelson. General Gordon. The Children's Heroes. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

VAN DYKE, J. C.—The Opal Sea. 6s. net.
BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany. 6s. net.
LOTI, PIERRE.—India.
STANTON, CORALIE, and HOSKEN, HEATH.—Widow by Choice.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

COLLINGS, JESSE.—Land Reform.
MACCOLL, REV. MALCOLM.—The Royal Commission and the Ornaments Rubric.
CROSS, C. F., and E. J. BEVAN.—Researches on Cellulose. 7s. 6d. net.
HALL, RT. REV. A. C. A.—The Example of our Lord. 2s. 6d. net.
WOODS, F. H., B.D.—For Faith and Science. 3s. 6d. net.
MCKIM, REV. RANDOLPH H.—The Critical Problems of the Pentateuch. 3s. 6d. net.
WALPOLE, REV. G. H. S., D.D.—The Mission of the Holy Ghost. 2s. net.
HALL, SIR SAMUEL.—A Short History of the Oxford Movement. 4s. 6d. net.
ALSTON, LEONARD.—Stoic and Christian in the Second Century. 3s. net
KING, SIR C. S., Edited by.—A Great Archbishop of Dublin, William King. 10s. 6d.
ATKINSON, FREDERIC.—Mattathias, and Other Poems. 4s. 6d. net.
PALMER, WILLIAM SCOTT.—An Agnostic's Progress. 3s. 6d.
PRIESTMAN, HOWARD. Principles of Worsted Spinning. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The Strand Novels. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 1s. net.
BURTON, J. BLOUNDELLE.—Fortune's My Foe.
CAPES, BERNARD.—At a Winter's Fire.
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Barbara's Money.
Novels of Alexandre Dumas.
The Bird of Fate. Paper Covers. 6d.
Methuen's Sixpenny Books.
GOULD, REV. S. BARING.—Winifred.
The Little Guides: Normandy, by C. Scudamore; Middlesex, by J. B. Firth. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.
SUNBURY, GEORGE.—The Ha'penny Millionaire.
BARR, JAMES.—Laughing Through a Wilderness.
WILLIAMS, MARGERY.—The Bar.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Profit and Loss.
CHARLTON, RANDAL.—Mave.
Methuen's Standard Library.—Shelley (Percy Bysshe). The Poems. In 4 Volumes. Paper, 6d. each net; cloth, 1s. each net. Vol. 1.—Alastor; The Daemon of the World; the Revolt of Islam, Etc. The Text has been Revised by C. D. Locock.
KESTER, VAUGHAN.—The Fortunes of the Landrays. 6s. novel.
HUTCHINSON, H. G.—The New Forest. New Edition. 6s.
GOULD, REV. S. BARING.—The Rhine. 6s.

Mr. G. A. Morton.

DOUGLAS, GEORGE.—The House with the Green Shutters. 6d.

Mr. John Murray.

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JULY, 1906.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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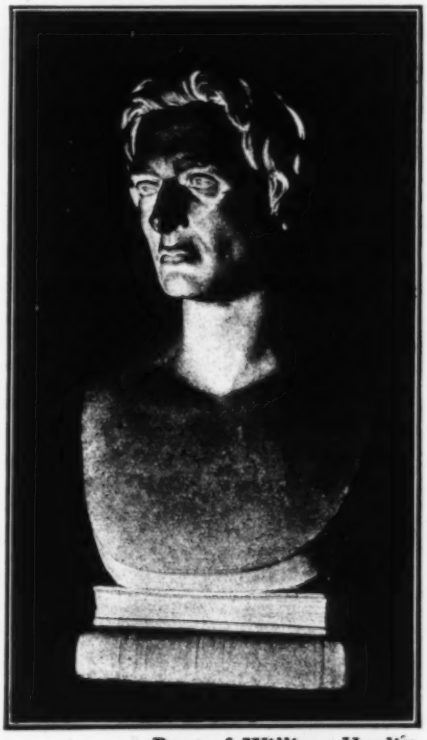
THE READER.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By J. Churton Collins.

"IN that dread strife, never ending and never promising to end, between destiny and human will, there are some forms to which many eyes are turned with almost a deeper interest than towards those who stand so grandly and so calm. There are those to whom 'the reason firm and temperate will' appear to have been denied, or rather denied in such measure as was necessary to sustain them against the roughness of their fate or enable them to control their own destructive passions, and who, in consequence, have wrathfully performed deeds which have made them a terror and a shame, or else 'Have sunk extinct in their refulgent prime.'" So wrote Andrew Wilson, author of "The Abode of Snow," in a long-forgotten, but most memorable article, contributed nearly half a century ago to the "Edinburgh Essays." Hazlitt could hardly be said either to 'have wrathfully performed deeds' which have made him a terror and a shame, or to have 'sunk extinct in his refulgent prime.' But wreck more utter and more tragical man never made of life and of life's opportunities. Had he been true to himself, he would have been eminent among those whom the world most, and most justly, delights to honour. He might have had no superior, nay, scarcely a rival among English critics, and few equals among English moralists. Though all his writings are occasional and unstudied, they are never trivial; their distinctive note is not the note of talent, it is the note of genius. To be familiar with them is to discern now by glimpses, now by lucid intervals of steady light, the intuition, the wisdom, the taste, possible only to intelligence and temper of the highest and rarest order. But what wrought the ruin of Coleridge and De Quincey in one form wrought the ruin of Hazlitt in another. In them self-indulgence and the infirmity of the will revealed themselves in luxurious abandonment to Hedonism; in him the same defects revealed themselves in an equally luxurious abandonment to Hedonism of a very different kind. With Hazlitt, from childhood upward, egotism, an intense, self-centred independence, impervious to all those influences which ordinarily either mould or at least modify character, was not merely an infirmity, but a disease. Of no man could it be said with stricter and more literal truth that he lived in, for, and by himself. He had no measures and no touchstones except what his own impressions and prejudices supplied him with. He said himself that he never changed an opinion after he was sixteen, a remark most untrue in one sense, and most true as well as most significant in another. His judgment was the slave of his passions and of his caprices, and his opinions corresponded; so far from never changing they changed with "every gale and vary" of their wayward and unstable guide. But what gave the ply to his intellectual tendencies and activity, what convictions, what principles, what tenets he had were undoubtedly determined and fixed before he was out of his teens. He had received from nature many of the gifts which enable men to excel in art, in literature, and in philosophy—passionate enthusiasm for all that genius has achieved in each, exquisite sensibility to æsthetic impression in the most comprehensive sense of the term, fine taste, the only one of his natural qualifications which he seriously and properly cultivated; an intellect at once extraordinarily receptive and extraordinarily keen. Of life and of human nature he was a close, if unsympathetic, observer, and as he brought to their study much of the insight and shrewd and homely mother-wit of Swift and Franklin, though, unhappily, none of their humour, he holds no undistinguished place among moralists.

But with these gifts were mingled counter-balancing defects, defects which were far indeed from rendering such gifts altogether nugatory, but which effectually prevented what might fairly have been predicted of them. From his childhood Hazlitt appears to have been incapable of concentration, and he has himself told us that he never read a book through till he was after thirty. His education was loose and desultory: in Greek he never went further than the rudiments; of Latin he knew next to nothing; his acquaintance with the modern languages appears to have been confined to French, of which he probably possessed little more than a smattering. At a time when he ought to have been laying the foundations on which the educational superstructures of manhood should rest, he was scribbling ambitious treatises on politics, jurisprudence, and metaphysical philosophy, devouring, by way of recreation, Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Rousseau, Richardson, Fielding, and the British novelists generally. Then determining to take to painting as a profession, he devoted himself with passionate ardour to this



Bust of William Hazlitt, by Joseph Durham.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt.)

new pursuit, and leaving England for Paris, spent four months in the Louvre copying pictures. Returning to England, he set up as a portrait painter, painted several portraits, many of which are extant, the best perhaps being a portrait of Charles Lamb as a Venetian Senator, now in the National Portrait Gallery. Having, however, soon made up his mind that genius in this department of the arts was denied him, and that mediocrity only was within his reach, he abandoned painting, resumed philosophy, and betook himself also to journalism and miscellaneous literature. His philosophical treatise, "The Principles of Human Action," published in 1806, neither was nor deserved to be a success. Thus, at the outset of life, he had broken down, and he had broken down deservedly; in seeking fame as an artist he had mismeasured himself, for success as a philosopher he had qualified himself neither by discipline nor adequate study. But adverse experience had no salutary effect. He was not one of those who profit from failure. He grew morose and cynical. The more he mingled with the world the more he withdrew into himself. His intercourse with men of parts and genius, who had been more fortunate than himself, made him realise with infinite bitterness the great disadvantages under which both his early surroundings and his neglected opportunities had intellectually and socially placed him. All this was aggravated by one of the most distressing and disagreeable forms which egotism, in him an innate infirmity, can assume —a self-consciousness as sensitive and as morbid as Rousseau's. Ever on the watch for fancied slights and for some act or word which could be construed, or rather misconstrued, as glancing at himself personally, or at some tenet or opinion expressed in his writings, he was a man on whose temper no one could depend. Long before he had reached middle life he had either quarrelled or was at variance with every friend and with almost every acquaintance he had. Of these feuds his writings, and more especially his uncollected writings, are the records. They are discernible, sometimes grossly, in his outrageous violations of the decencies of criticism, as in his critique of Coleridge's "Christabel" in the *Edinburgh Review*; sometimes, as in "The Spirit of the Age," they are responsible for the verdicts passed on Bentham and Gifford; more often they are to be traced collaterally, as it were, and in innuendo and suggestion between the lines of discussions not directly concerned with the objects of his malice.

To impartiality he made no pretension. All his judgments were purely and frankly personal, and in dealing with contemporaries it was rare indeed for "the king of good haters," as he called himself, to allow the bias to incline in their favour. He never grew; with him progressive experience had no expanding power. At an age when most men have scarcely a tenet or an opinion which they do not live to change or very materially to modify, his own had become unalterably fixed. At fifty-two his sympathies and antipathies were precisely what they were at twenty-five, the only difference being that they had become more confirmed and more aggressive. Everything lost its attraction for him the moment he perceived that he held it in common with others. In his own phrase he loved to be in a minority of one. He preferred singularity in paradox and sophistry to undistinguished acquiescence in generally accepted truths. When the world was in the right it might be safely predicted that he would be in the wrong, just as when the world happened to be in the wrong his genius and acumen not infrequently enabled him to be in the right. It is this which constitutes the chief value of his writings, and it is this which makes him one of the most original of thinkers and critics. But contempt and arrogance are treacherous guides, and a man who finds truth, not because he is seeking it, but because in running amok generally against tradition and authority he stumbles on it accidentally, or adopts it in defiance, is hardly likely to be of much service to its cause. His politics were of a piece with his ethics and with his temper as a critic of literature and art. He belonged to no party and assailed every party in turn. With principles he had little or no concern, for with him principles simply resolved themselves into the individuals who represented them. How they fared at his hands depended far less on the party to which they belonged, or the creed which they professed, than on the relation in which they stood to him personally. Though not naturally a mean or pusillanimous man, rather a man in whom there was much which was generous and noble, there can be no doubt that, in later life at least, he indemnified himself for his own bitter sense of failure and cruel disappointments by resenting the distinctions and successes of more fortunate men, and that as the humiliations to which his proud spirit had to submit multiplied he became proportionately soured, grudging, and rancorous. De Quincey tells us how, in conversing with him, he was struck by the pertinacity with which Hazlitt "clung through bad reasons, or no reasons, to any public slander floating against men in power, or in the highest rank."

Such were the effects of Hazlitt's characteristic infirmity, and since Shakespeare showed in Coriolanus what havoc egotism, unbridled and in excess, could make of an otherwise noble and generous nature, no more tragical illustration of its effects is probably to be found. In his critical writings it assumes the proportions and intensity of monomania. In his analysis, for instance, of Shakespeare's Hamlet he delineates with ludicrous particularity his own character and even his own surroundings. Thus he attributes Wordsworth's devotion to nature as "possibly the effect of disappointed views and an inverted ambition. Prevented by native pride and indolence from climbing the ascent of learning or greatness, taught by political opinions to say to the vain pomp and glory of the world, 'I hate ye'"—a remark which, applicable enough to himself, is absurd when applied to Wordsworth. Most of his generalisations on women—and of all misogynists Hazlitt is the bitterest and most rabid—have no pretensions to be anything more than philippics against Sarah Walker and his first and second wife.

As were his writings, such was his life. He prospered in nothing. The slave and prey of his passions,

William Hazlitt at the age of 13.

William Hazlitt at the age of 30.

William Hazlitt's Mother.

William Hazlitt's Father.

(These four portraits are reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt from miniatures painted by John Hazlitt.)

and even of his whims and moods, he was the very incarnation of Aristotle's Acolast. He never had a friend with whom he did not quarrel, or against whom he did not turn. He probably never loved a woman whom he did not end by hating. He accused his first wife of turning his house into a hell, and after reviling her to all who would listen to him, forced her to consent to a collusive divorce; from his second he separated in disgust within a year of their marriage. To the insanity of his infatuation for the servant girl, Walker, or at least to the drivel which that infatuation inspired, the "Liber Amoris," there is probably no parallel on record. That that infatuation would have ended as it did end, even had it found response, in other words, that satiety and shame would have produced the same effects as rage and revenge, may be safely predicted.

These deplorable episodes diversified a life of incessant literary activity. In 1812 he had removed from Winterslow, in Wiltshire, where his wife had a small property, and where, in the midst of a singularly beautiful country, he could be alone with nature and his books. His residence here, and his occasional visits to this place afterwards, were among the few things he looked backward and forward to with pleasure. Shortly after arriving in London he had settled in a house in York Street, Westminster, which had once been occupied by Milton. And here began in earnest his life as a lecturer, journalist, and man of letters. There was scarcely any leading newspaper or review or magazine to which in some capacity or at some time he had not been a contributor. He began by becoming Parliamentary reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, a post which he afterwards exchanged for that of theatrical critic. A quarrel with the proprietors led to his quitting this paper and joining the staff of the *Champion*, the *Times*, and subsequently of the *Examiner*. To the *Examiner* he contributed the papers entitled "The Round Table," his first characteristic essays. In 1814 Jeffrey invited him to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, a compliment which no doubt accounts for the very flattering notice of that critic in "The Spirit of the Age." In the "Characters of Shakespeare," published three years afterwards, appeared the first of his important contributions to literary criticism. Next followed his "Lectures on the English Poets," on the "English Comic Writers," and "The Age of Elizabeth," three courses which had been delivered at the Surrey Institution between 1818 and 1820. He then became a contributor to the *London Magazine*, in the columns of which appeared some of the papers comprised in "Table Talk." A visit to the Continent in 1824-5, with his second wife, led to an amicable separation from her, and to a series of descriptive letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, with which he resumed the relations so abruptly terminated some ten years before. His tour, notwithstanding the *contretemps* referred to, appears to have refreshed and invigorated him, for during the next two years he produced what are perhaps the best of his occasional essays, "The Spirit of the Age," and "The Plain Speaker." These were followed immediately afterwards by the truly delightful conversations with Northcote, which appeared under the title of "Boswell Redivivus," in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1826 and 1827. Immediately afterwards he began at Winterslow Hut his ill-starred "Life of Napoleon," at which he worked with feverish energy. Meanwhile, his life was drifting on, desolate and comfortless, and few and evil were the days that remained to him. At war with himself and at war with the world, he had won neither fame nor love. Like Mathew Arnold's Empedocles he had

> lived in wrath and gloom.
> Fierce, disputatious, ever at war with man,
> Far from his own soul, far from warmth and light.

It is reported that when the end came, and it came attended with sordid poverty in miserable lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, his last words were, "Well, I've had a happy life." The remark was so characteristic that no one could doubt its authenticity. It was the last thrust of defiant pride. Possibly it had reference to that inner life which his passion for Literature and Art had irradiated. He was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, and there, till recent alterations changed the features of the place, the passer-by through Wardour Street could see, in bleak and gloomy singularity on the levelled waste around, his last resting-place—too true a symbol of its occupant.

And yet Lamb could say of this extraordinary man, and say with strict justice, that, "in his natural and healthy state he was one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing." And it may be added with equal truth that in that state he has a fascination which few writers can rival. Let us see how in such a state he revealed himself, of what in such a state he was capable. An enthusiast from boyhood, he has himself described, in one of the most charming papers he ever wrote, "My First Acquaintance with the Poets," the radiant dawn of his intellectual life. It was from a sermon of Coleridge that the soul-awakening message came; it was in interviews with Coleridge afterwards that the passion, which ever afterwards dominated him, was kindled. From this moment the world was transformed for him. "Poetry and Philosophy," he rapturously realised, "had met together. Truth and genius had embraced." He "had a sound in his ears; it was the voice of Fancy;" he "had a light before him—it was the face of Poetry." The fire then kindled was never quenched; nay, burned the more intensely the further the present receded from the past. The memory of early days has a fascination, even for the least sentimental of men, but with Hazlitt such associations had absolutely tyrannous power. For him every trifle was consecrated by them, a book first read or first introduced to him at such a time became a sort of fetish. Thus our old authors, and particularly those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who had been devoured by him during the golden days, the initiation of which he has so ecstatically recorded, became not merely objects of study, but part of himself. On them all his affections were centred. With them was associated everything which bound him to life. What nature was to Wordsworth, books were to Hazlitt. If the one by the insight which joy gives revealed to others the joy which nature

gives, so the other by the like insight revealed the joy which is in books. This is the great charm of Hazlitt. Take him at his best:—

Here, even here on Salisbury Plain with a few old authors I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months without ever knowing what it is to feel "*ennui.*" They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracks, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's "stern goodnight" as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can "take mine ease at mine inn" beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster and Master Hayward are there: and seated round, discourse the silent hours away. Shakespeare is there himself, nor in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fauns, and satyrs. Milton lies on the table as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's "Endymion," with the moon that shines in at the window; and a breath of wind, stirring at a distance, seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room, with fiendish faces and reasons, of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the Hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation. I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, nor thinking of it nor it of me, neither abused by my enemies nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten.

This is not criticism, but it is something better. It is in the record of words like these, it is in the many passages in which this voice is speaking that we find more than compensation for the extravagance and aberrations so unhappily characteristic of his lectures and essays.

Take him again at his best, at his best in pure criticism:

Dr. Johnson's general powers of reasoning overlaid his critical susceptibility. All his ideas were cast in a set form, they were made out by rule and system, by climax, inference and antithesis. He reduced everything to the common standard of conventional propriety, and the most exquisite refinement or sublimity produced an effect on his mind only as they could be translated into the language of measured prose. The shifting shapes of fancy, the rainbow hues of things made no impression on him; he seized only on the permanent and tangible, the positive and the practical, the average forms of things, not their striking differences, their classes nor their degrees. He was a man of strong common sense and practical wisdom rather than of genius and feeling. Commonsense sympathises with the impressions of things on ordinary minds in ordinary circumstances; genius catches the glancing combinations presented to the eye of fancy under the influence of passion.

This is said with final felicity. He is at his best in such essays as those on the "Love of Life," the "Fear of Death," the "Reasons why Distant Objects Please," on "Antiquity," on "Living to Please," and on "The Love of the Country."

His influence on criticism was undoubtedly considerable. He was one of those who lead the reaction against the school of the eighteenth century, the school still represented by Gifford and Jeffrey. It was said of him by one of his few contemporary admirers that "he did not square and measure out his judgment by the pedantries of dry and lifeless propositions, his taste was not the creature of schools and canons, it was begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought." There was certainly more enthusiasm than thought in it, and too often more prejudice than either. Hence he is more to be trusted when he praises than when he blames. His style, though without distinction or charm, is terse, nervous, virile and incisive, too discontinuous to be eloquent, and too laboured to be pleasing. As might be supposed from his temper, he wrote rather to please himself than to please others, and as his aim was not so much to edify and inform as to strike and surprise, he resorted to all the devices by which such effects are attained. His pages glitter and scintillate with epigrams and aphorisms, paradoxes and unexpected turns sometimes legitimately brilliant, more frequently the specious frippery of sophistry and half truth. We never know where we are with him. He probably seldom knew where he was himself. He has said so much which is profoundly wise and true, he has so often penetrated into secrets revealed only to genius, that we are apt to take him on trust where no trust should be placed in him. We lay down, for example, such a book as the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" in sheer perplexity. It is just the same with the delineations, say, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Godwin and of Horne Tooke in "The Spirit of the Age." What is essentially false is so subtly blended with what is essentially true that it is impossible to separate them. No man was a greater adept in the falsehood which is half truth, and in the absurdity which is half wisdom. And yet an honester man at bottom never lived: if he deceived others it was because he had deceived himself. Criticism at its best may be described as enlightened enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is always the note of Hazlitt in the expression of appreciation. But he is one of those men of whom nothing could be predicated. Of all Shakespeare's writings it might have been expected that the poems would most have appealed to him, or at least that he would have read them with insight and sympathy, and yet to the sonnets he is contemptuously indifferent, and "Venus and Adonis" he compared to a palace of ice. He lavishes the same extravagant eulogy on the comic dramatists of the Restoration and the authors of "The Nouvelle Heloise" and "Clarissa Harlowe." It might have been expected that the supreme moment of his great idol's career, the Battle of Waterloo, would have called forth all his powers, but the only battle which kindled him into eloquence was the battle on Hungerford Common, between Jim Gasman and Bill Neate.

Hazlitt's position and reputation in English literature are, and will probably continue to be, analogous to what they were among his contemporaries. Popular he can never be, and this, perhaps, is fortunate; by a small minority he will be taken seriously, and, till they learn to discriminate, he may do them mischief. Those who can estimate him at his real value will regard him with mingled feelings of curiosity, admiration, and regret, but regret will predominate.

BOOKS.

Books!—for the mind to dream on; books, for peace
From the dull droning of the World release;
A music snared; a Spring begott'n of Spring;
At one spare board to feast on Everything;
Books—to wax solid on, to wane less fat;
To grasp what long-gone Wisdom wondered at;
To embalm a brav'ry Time pluck'd quick away;
Wax for Faith's taper to outdazzle day:
Books—to intoxicate; to storm; and press
The heart insatiate to unearthliness;
To bring home Heav'n where an attic high
Gleams in communion with a starless sky;
Books, clarion-golden singing shrill of war;
Gonfalons streaming Youth's bright feet before;
Books, for the mettled horse a suasive bit;
To mock at life, and purge, and quicken it,
And lead it fearless where seraphic Death
Sits with his sickle, and none answereth.
Books, to allure pure Eros from above
To kneel palm-arched-o'er-lute, and sing of love;
To make men smell of laurel, and to be
Of lovely women fadeless rosemary:
Books!—why, all joy, all hope do shine and gleam,
Shine and make music there, beat, burgeon, dream.
No man—not Cæsar, not Napoleon
But that for books were sour oblivion.
Charlemagne, Sennacherib, and Rameses—
Time's immortality books wove for these.
Aegypt, Semiramis, and Jezebel—
These their sole garlandry of asphodel.
The* score score paramours of Solomon
Where were their splendour now their number gone?
All the bright blood love's fever ever spilt
Burns on their pages in unchanging gilt;
And noble friendships—nought—and nought again
But the pure vellum that clear gold doth stain.
Helen's eternity of fearless praise—
Else had the folly been of nine brief days.
Nought but a name's sound—Sappho, Socrates,
Wind-spoil of nights forgot from withered trees;
Shakespeare a crumbling clot of wisdom left
In old men's cranies of all else bereft.
Heroes, saints, martyrs—O, what dust would lie
On their lean bones sole-shrined in memory!
Nay, this bright Universe, dust, seas, and suns,
Books gone, the terror were of brute and dunce:
And man—that satele·s ant of restless power—
The scarce-warmed ashes of one summer's hour.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

*Circa.

19, York Street, Westminster.
William Hazlitt lived here from 1812 to 1819. Formerly Milton's house.

6, Frith Street, Soho.
Where Hazlitt died in 1830.

Kischgitz Collection.

"The Fox under the Hill," Strand.
A house much frequented by William Hazlitt.

JAPANESE POETRY.

By ARTHUR RANSOME.

A LITTLE room, with one red-shaded lamp, sending mad shadows and scarlet lights over four figures —three Japanese and an Englishman—sitting on the floor, or lounging with legs slung over the arms of chairs. One of the Japanese was writing in a note-book, trying to recall exactly a little poem made in Japan in his youth. The other two were talking in turn and arguing with me over Japanese and English poetry. A large pot was filled with cigarette-ends, and again and again cigarettes were rolled, and the relics of their predecessors dropped into the urn. That night I learnt many things of the method of Japanese poem-making, for, of the three, one was a poet, and the other two could make verse as easily as most Englishmen make prose.

I remembered a walk nearly three years before, through misty streets, with lights blinking in the dusk, an eager little poet by my side. "Yone Noguchi (Japanese)," as he quaintly signed the brown-paper pamphlet of his verse, that made him almost famous, at least in London, was a small, silent creature, an irresistible facsimile of a tiny browned ivory image that I saw in a curiosity shop in Paris. His talk was quiet as a rule, but, on that twilit walk, he blazed; "Of all your English poets," he said, "I love Keats, because he wrote from the inside of himself. Longfellow," he added, "I hate."

It is not difficult to understand him, and, in doing so, learn something of the aims of Japanese poets, so astonishingly unlike our own. Let me cruelly cut off a piece of one of Noguchi's poems, called "Under the Moon":

"There is nothing like the moonlight
When I walk upon the freshest dews,
And amid the warmest breezes,
With all the thought of God
And all the bliss of man, as Adam
Who was not yet driven from Eden, and to whom
Eve was not yet born. What a bird
Dreams in the moonlight is my dream:
What a rose sings is my song."

Now, with equal cruelty and greater insolence, to tear an image from Hyperion:—

"As when, upon a trancèd summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

The feeling for natural imagery is the same in both, and the Oriental atmosphere of the first, that clings to it in spite of the Western expressions, is due solely to a lighter ingenuity of choice. In Longfellow, Noguchi could find none of this finely-cut imagery, with which he could sympathise, and loathed him accordingly, as a person without feeling.

"Without feeling!" I had got so far in retracing the ideas of that walk in the dusk, when, from one of the Japanese on the floor, the thought was elaborated and confirmed. "In Japan," said he suddenly, "we care for feeling only when it is real." Of course, so do we in England; but we are more easily hoodwinked. The Japanese thinks, and rightly, that a man who can write on, straight ahead, an endless barren waste of verse, can never have felt in the depths of him the matter of which he writes. The poet on the floor waved his cigarette at me. "When a man really feels anything," he said, "when he has turned it over and over in his mind, and put more of his own energy into his dream than into his drinking of beer and eating of beef, he cannot write on and on, evenly, about it. He does not write about it. He writes it. And it comes to him to write it in small details that have gradually embodied for him the real heart of his dream." He wanted to show that when a poet is a poet, and has really felt his song, he builds it not out of rhymed and metrical prose, but from significant imagery, carefully selected. An illustration was presently to come from the Japanese writing in the notebook.

Of the two most usual forms of poetry in Japan, "hokku" are perhaps the most popular. Hokku are tiny things of seventeen syllables, wee cameos, expressing a delicate thought as delicately as possible. Everybody makes them. On the Japanese equivalents of our boisterous Bank Holidays, the farmers make a practice of meeting together near a temple, for the fashioning of poetry. A single subject is set, and everybody walks silently about, meditating a verse. At last they are all taken down on little slips of paper, and read aloud, when a prize is given to the writer of the best. The Japanese with the notebook was trying to recall the tiny poem that had long ago won him the prize at one of these meetings. His eyes glistened as he put it into broken English, and remembered the circumstances of its making. The subject had been a Spring Breeze, and to understand the significance of the verse, we must remember that in Japan carpenters plane their wood in the open-air, and that the curling wood-shaving is the exact shape of the Japanese letter "no." Here is the poem:—

"As I walked past the carpenter's, the no-letters
chased me down the lane."

Its object is to remind the hearer of shavings dancing along the ground, and so, indirectly, to suggest to him the freshness of a breeze. It is, to my mind, more ingenious than beautiful, but it certainly achieves its object in giving life to the idea of wind.

From Lafcadio Hearn's essay on Butterflies, I take two more examples of hokku. One of them I give in Japanese:

Tsurigane ni
Tomarite nemuru
Kocho kana.

It means:

"Perched upon the temple bell, the butterfly sleeps."

Here is another:

"When I saw the fallen flower return to the branch—lo! it was only a butterfly."

Each one of these three contains a simple observation, ingenious and suggestive. Each one is complete in itself. The perfect hokku is that which suggests the most in the simplest manner.

The other great form of Japanese verse consists of thirty-one syllables, made up from four lines. The rules of its construction are strict. The first line "opens"; the second "receives the idea of the first"; the third is called "the turning-over line," giving a new idea that balances that in the first two; and the last line "expresses the idea of the author." Here is an example:

"In the graveyard of the great, gigantic trees now cry to the heavens.
In the ruined temple I sought for Spring and found her not.
But a priest with eyebrows of snow, stopped sweeping for a moment;
Likening all history to the falling of a flower."

We watch an image of decay rising up in the first line, and reinforced in the second. Then the idea of a very old priest resting a moment in his useless sweeping is flashed before us, and we are finally given the meaning of the verse in its concluding line. The three Japanese that night agreed that in form it was a perfect poem. But one of them found such pleasure in another verse in the same form that I quote it also, the more willingly because it is an even better illustration of the methods of Japanese verse-making:

"Climbing the hills so that the roads sloped away below me,
White mists of hanging smoke showed me where cottages lay.
For a moment, no more, I rested and looked down.
Oh, autumn leaves are lovelier than flowers of Spring."

The third line here refers to the extreme shortness of the autumn day.

These poems may be made longer, indeed as long as may be wished, by inserting between the second and third lines, pairs of couplets, balancing, noun and adjective, with each other. Thus:

"The mountain is black, but the bird is white.
The sea is blue, but the sun flames red.
The leaf is dark, but the butterfly is crimson.
The hills are purple, but the smoke climbs grey."

And so on, for ever. Mountain, sea, leaf and hills; black, blue, dark and purple; bird, sun, butterfly, and smoke; white, red, crimson and grey; balancing in place and effect. It is not impossible to fashion the most beautiful images by this scientific use of contrast, and contrast is, in fact, one of the most deftly used tools of Japanese art. What contrasts of colour do for them in pictures, contrasts of ideas perform for them in poetry.

A Japanese poet who described a silent night by saying, "it was in the dead of night," would be despised, because dead and dark are similar ideas. But he who said, "I listen, and hear the frogs jumping into the pool at the foot of my garden," is revered. To express utter silence, he uses an observation of sound. When we compare the impressions made by the two descriptions, his wisdom is manifest.

"Why do not the English poets," the Japanese were asking me that night, "experiment with our methods as Noguchi has with theirs?" Why not, I wonder? For the Japanese melody of similar sounding syllables throughout the line, we would substitute rhythm and rhyme. In everything else their form is ready for our use. Somehow I scarcely feel that we could achieve any great success in hokku; perhaps because our brains are stouter, though not more keen than the Japanese, and require a larger garment. An English poet would feel naked in a hokku. He would feel as if he were clothed in a Japanese fan. But he might do something beautiful with the larger form of verse, and would certainly be able to find considerable enjoyment in the fashioning of the contrasting couplets. We have at least several perfect technicians of poetry. Why should not one of them make an experiment? It would be interesting, and, I like to fancy, beautiful. Or it may be that we should discover that these verses, balancing symbols instead of rhymes, require their own ingenuity, their own caprice, their own riot of imagery, to make them other than insipid.

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the July number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the three best parallel quotations from Shakespeare, Milton and Dante (Cary's translation).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the six best specimens of rustic philosophy or wit selected from novels by living writers. The quotations must be brief, and accurate references must be given.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss M. A. M. MACALISTER, Torrisdale, Cambridge.

THE KING'S ENGLISH. By H. W. F. and H. G. F.

"The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo."

Rich. II., 1, 3, 160.

The same competitor also suggests;—

"How absolute the knave s! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us"—*Ha ilet*, 5. 1, 148.

Other quotations submitted were:—

H. W. LUCY, Author of "The Balfourian Parliament."
"Was't you that revelled in our Parliament?"—*3 Henry VI*, 1, 4, 71.
(F. Y. WALTERS, 68, Maple Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne)

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF A 'BUS. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return."
Comedy of Errors, 1, 2, 12.
(Miss J. BUTCHART, Armadale, Barrow-in-Furness.)

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By A. E. GARVIE.

"O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Who should study to prefer a peace
If holy Churchmen take delight in broils?"
1 *Henry VI.*, 3, 1, 106.
(Mrs. HENDERSON, Redthorpe, Kirkcaldy)

DR. RICHARD GARNETT.

"A worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments . . .
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India." *Henry IV.*
(J. F. HORRABIN, 6, Canton Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.)

ON A SEVERE CRITICISM OF "IMPERIAL PURPLE" By T. E. PAGE.

"Nay, Master Page, be not impatient."—*Merry Wives*, 3, 4, 75.
(MAURICE PINNEY, 207, Rockingham Street, Sheffield.)

THE VITAL SPARK. By HUGH FOULIS.

"He doth indeed show sparks that are like wit."
Much Ado, 2, 3, 193.
(J. H. RICHARDSON, 36, College Green, Dublin.)

CHARLES LEVER: HIS LIFE IN HIS LETTERS.

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse."
2 *Henry IV.*, 1, 2, 167.
(F. J. BRIMLEY, 18, Grove Road, Leytonstone.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for the best description of a storm on land or sea from English poetry or fiction has been gained by Miss PHEBE E. TIMMS, 8, Kingsley Road, Northampton:—

A SEASTORM.

"By dinner I had fled the deck, and sat in the bench corner, giddy, dumb, and stupefied with terror. The frightened leaps of the poor Nora Creina, spanking li e a stag for bare existence, bruised me between the table and the berths. Overhead the wild huntsman of the storm passed c n inuously in one blare of mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber, lashing rope's-end, pounding block, and bursting sea contributed; and I could have thought there was at times another, a more pierc ng, a more human note that dominated all, like the wailing of an angel; I could have thought I knew the angel's name, and that his wings were black. It seemed incredible that any creature of man's art could long endure the barbarous mishandling of the seas, kicked as the schooner was from mountain si le to mountain side, beaten, and blown upon, and wrenched in every joint and sinew, like a child upon the rack. . . . God bless every man that swung a mallet on that tiny and strong hull! It was not for wages only that he laboured, but to save men's lives."—*From "The Wrecker," R. L. Stevenson.*

A favourite description of a storm submitted was from Chapter XXXVII. of Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." This was cited by three competitors (Miss K. HUXLEY, Gloucester; Miss C. JAMESON, 48, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham; and Miss E. R. MITCHELL, 121, Bower Street, Bedford), and the prize has been awarded for a briefer and less familiar quotation.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A-GUINEA for the six best examples of the description of a picture in poetry or fiction has been gained by Miss E. R. MITCHELL, 121, Bower Street, Bedford.

The passages suggested, which we have not space to quote, were:

(1) Bassanio's description of Portia's portrait.—*Merchant of Venice*, 3, 2, 115.
(2) Chaucer's description of the wood painted on the walls of the "House of Fame."
(3) Rossetti's sonnet for "The Wine of Circe" by Burne-Jones.
(4) The "Large, historical, family piece."—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, c. xvi.
(5) From "The One Who Looked On" by F. F. Montrésor.
(6) Dick Heldar's "Melancholia."—Kipling's "The Light that Failed." ch xi.

IV.—THE PRIZE of a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been gained by J. A. BROCK, Mellendean, Monifieth, Dundee, and Miss NELLIE LAMB, 48, Upper Tollington Park, N.

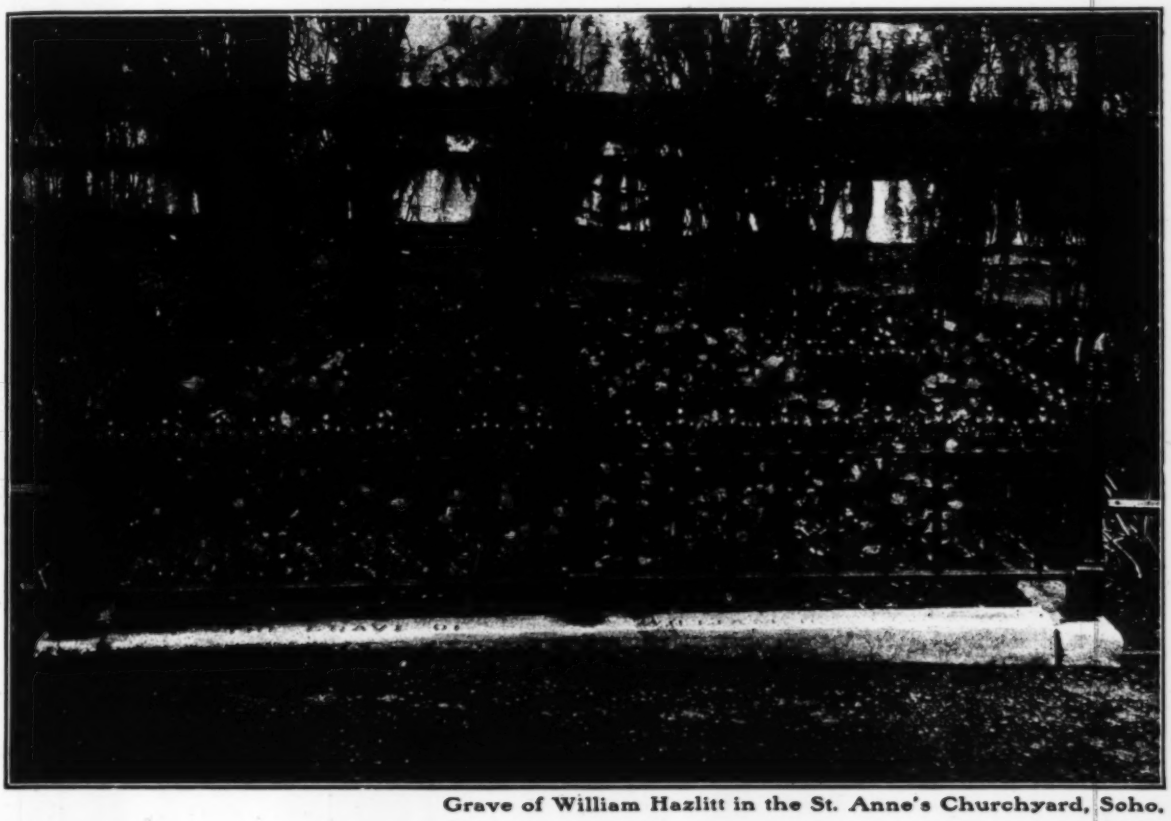
THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"They mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is to find fault.—DRYDEN.

IT is not perhaps very wide of the mark to say that the popular notion of Thomas Gray is that of a scholar-recluse who takes rank with the greatest English poets by virtue of a single poem of one hundred and twenty-eight lines. An immortality denied to scores of copious and scholarly poets has time and again been snatched by the careless author of one imperishable lyric. But the fame of Gray is not of this kind. By universal critical consent he is admitted to be more than the author of one perfect elegy, of one triumph of occasional verse. With two lyrics, Lovelace, and with one, Sedley, for all time secured their right of entry into the very briefest of English anthologies. But the achievement of Gray is of vastly greater moment. Small as was his literary output, its artistic perfection entitles him to a place with Dryden and Pope. He is to be judged by the standard of quality only. Many poets have bequeathed to us jewels of incomparably greater size and value, but none cut them and polished them with a more sedulous artistry than this shy amateur of letters. Among the splendid pearls and rubies that adorn the diadem of English verse, there are some small but exquisite gems that flash with an incomparable brilliance. These are the poems of Gray.

Judged even by the merely vulgar standard of quality, the work of Gray has often been underestimated. Historically he occupies an interesting position between the classical and romantic schools, and his eminence as a performer in the one is almost equalled by his remarkable anticipations of the other. For Gray was much more than the author of the Odes and the Elegy. He is one of the most charming of our letter-writers. Prodigal of his unique learning, he was the forgotten pioneer of many ideas that brought fame to others. All culture, all learning was his province. Before Rousseau, he preached the love of nature. Of the beauties of Switzerland and Cumberland and Scotland he was the first discriminating literary eulogist. To the study of architecture and heraldry he gave a fillip that had an enduring influence on our literature and art. He was the first scholar in Europe to unlock the treasures of Icelandic literature. His researches into the history of English poetry he allowed, with a scholarly and splendid generosity, to be incorporated in Warton's great history. To think of Gray's genius as unfruitful is thus a signal error. In ways more numerous than those we have indicated he set new currents in motion which profoundly affected, though ultimately merged in, the torrent of the Romantic Triumph.

The life of Gray was little touched by vicissitude or romance. It was in the main as unexciting as the early married life of Dr. Primrose with the occasional migrations "from the blue bed to the brown." Born in Cornhill in 1716, Gray was the son of a London money-broker, whose cruelty to his wife and children has been explained on the ground of madness. The poet was the only survivor of twelve children, and maternal love has



Grave of William Hazlitt in the St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho.

Photos Augustin Rischgitz.

Winterslow Hut.

Hazlitt settled at Winterslow upon his marriage in 1808, and lived there until 1812.

seldom received finer filial tribute than in the words which Gray caused to be inscribed on his mother's tomb :—"The careful, tender mother of many children, of whom only one had the misfortune to survive her." His mother and her sister had to keep a millinery shop in the City, and it was at their cost that the poet was sent to Eton and Cambridge. Shy and proud and reserved, both as boy and man, Gray had a genius for friendship, and at Eton he had the good fortune to meet Horace Walpole, who, with one short breach, remained his friend for life. It was to Walpole that Gray owed his three years' Continental tour, the greatest single influence in his intellectual development.

The year 1742 was the red-letter one of Gray's life. In literature it was his most productive, yielding the Ode on Adversity, the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, and the first conception of the Elegy. In other respects, too, it was memorable, for it saw Gray established at Cambridge, where, first at Peterhouse and later at Pembroke, he passed the rest of his working life. From that time onwards there is little in Gray's life that differentiates it from that recorded of scholars innumerable who have viewed life from a college window, and have given themselves up to a single-hearted pursuit of knowledge. Gray was no pedant. His charming letters are models of ease and refined humour, the letters of "a scholar and a gentleman"—and a good friend. From pedantry Gray was defended by his ever-widening range of interests, a range so vast that he was generally acknowledged to be the most learned man in Europe.

"Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenor of *his* way."

The publication of his poems, vacations spent with Walpole at Strawberry Hill or in rambles among the Lakes and in Scotland—these were almost the only excitements that ever gently ruffled the cloistral placidity of his life. Passion never stirred it. In friendship he found a substitute for love. It is not to be questioned that his poetry suffers from this limitation. His perfect art could not compensate for the want of the racing life-blood that would have warmed his cold and flawless statuary into life. His horizon was clouded with a gentle melancholy, the product of a constitutional delicacy accentuated by the habits of a scholar, and by a retiring and diffident nature. But he was not like the poet's scholar whose "days among the dead are past." The activity and alertness of his mind were in extraordinary contrast to his physical inertia. From his watch-tower at Cambridge he observed every movement in the intellectual world of his time, and his sympathy and tolerance equalled the keenness of his vision.

But all critical estimates of Gray must centre round the Elegy, that marvellous consecration of the commonplace. We cannot soil its lustre by any ignoble use. Quote it, parody it, eulogise it, thumb it in any way we please, and it still shines on for ever with "purest ray serene." It is commonplace just because it is what most have felt at some time under the same conditions; it is immortal for the reason that in all didactic poetry it is the supreme example of

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the Elegy is its triumph over eulogy. For a century and a half we have been told to admire it, and no one has refused. It is an old and established critical pastime to "dust Johnson's jacket." But it is only fair to remember that after walking round the poor poet, snarling and growling horribly, Ursa Major retires with the noble admission, "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." Has any wreath to equal this been laid on the tomb of Thomas Gray? RANGER.

Some suggested texts and reference books :—

Gray. Selected Poems. Edited by E. Gosse. 1s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

Gray. By E. Gosse. (E. M. L.) 2s. (Macmillan.)

Longer English Poems. Ed. Hales. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The Age of Johnson. By Thomas Seccombe. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

New Books.

THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

The difficulty in criticising a book like Mr. Trevelyan's is the difficulty of remembering that we are not primarily criticising Mr. Meredith's works. If a reader begins by admiring the work of Mr. Meredith from the same standpoint as Mr. Trevelyan, we can imagine that he might find this book inspiring, and even suggestive. It is a fine piece of youthful, generous, hearty, intemperate panegyric; it is a *Te Deum*, a hymn in praise of a sort of Deity. But it is no more a criticism of Mr. Meredith than an ode of Pindar is a criticism of Greek athletics. It is simply an invitation to the human race to come, and worship, and fall down, and kneel before the golden image which Mr. Trevelyan has set up. Mr. Meredith would seem to be the only sane and cheerful and manly poet and philosopher, in a generation of cold-blooded materialists. "Praise and blame," says Mr. Trevelyan, quoting Mr. Swinburne with approval, "should be thoughtful, careful, serious." Mr. Trevelyan is all three; but unhappily for his reputation as a critic, he writes on the mild assumption that all sensible and rational people must inevitably agree with him. It would seem from his pages that Mr. Meredith can do no wrong. If Mr. Meredith is in touch with the age, he is its supreme interpreter. If he is not in touch with the age, so much the worse for the age for lagging behind Mr. Meredith. On one page we have Mr. Meredith praised for being so sternly and splendidly reasonable; on another page it is because he has no formal rules that his condemnations are so damning. That is to say, that whether Mr. Meredith is reasonable or unreasonable, he is equally right. If he judges by reason, it proves his sanity; if he judges by impulse, it attests his insight. Everyone is to come and learn from him. A pessimist must come to Mr. Meredith to be taught how to hope; an optimist must come that he may learn to look facts in the face. The philosopher must come that he may see that blood is mightier than intellect; the poet must come that he may be shown that impulse is criminal, if it is not fortified by common sense. The ascetic must learn from Mr. Meredith how to live, and the full-blooded man must learn how to die.

Then, when we come to Mr. Meredith's art, we are in much the same case. Is he obscure? Well, other poets who have been obscure have only had strange and unimportant things to say, but Mr. Meredith's thoughts are always new and valuable. Is a line overweighted with a series of dizzy disconnected metaphors? It is only that Mr. Meredith is flashing out a rapid succession of pictures, and one must be thankful that his mind works faster than his pen. Take a salient instance of Mr. Trevelyan in his severest critical mood. He quotes the fine, rich, obscure, aggravating passage, from the "Night of Frost in May," about the nightingale.

"These lines," he continues, "are very much open to criticism, but I doubt if they are not more closely descriptive of the nightingale than any other passage to be culled from English poetry. I will not further oppose the critic, except to ask him whether the effect could have been produced without the imperfections which he condemns." Surely the extravagance of hyperbolical panegyric could not be carried further than this?

Mr. Trevelyan applies to the poetry of Mr. Meredith the test that his lines have "the haunting quality," and linger in the memory; and he lets fall the casual dictum that Blake has the same charm, and "goes to the bottom of the soul." Yes, but the question is, whose soul?

* "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith." By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Pp. xiv. and 234. 3s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

And whose memory? Mr. Trevelyan would no doubt reply that his statement would be true of all who had any part or lot in the world's development. But this is not criticism. It is merely telling us what Mr. Trevelyan himself likes, and what haunts his memory; and it involves the assumption that everyone ought to feel uncomfortable who cannot agree with him.

Now the sad part of the business is that much of what Mr. Trevelyan says, and says finely, is indubitably true. Mr. Meredith is a writer of high genius, of immense and prodigal force, of great loftiness, and splendid manliness. But he is not the central luminary of life and letters; and if what Mr. Trevelyan says of Mr. Meredith were true, there would be no language left to praise such writers as Virgil, Dante, or Shakespeare, except the unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Mr. Meredith has written some poetry which it would be hard to praise too highly; but much of his poetry is, for those who value simplicity and lucidity, over-rich, over-gorgeous, crammed too full of conceits, affected, and strained. When Mr. Trevelyan praises his hero's obscurity, he calls into court a sentence from the "Egoist," where Mrs. Mountstuart flings out a sentence, vague of outline, "to be apprehended, not dissected." But, after all, the point of a sentence is that *something* should be apprehended; and if the original cannot be apprehended, it must be dissected; and if it cannot even then be apprehended, what is the result? Mr. Trevelyan would no doubt answer that the result will be a general stimulus, a mental excitement, a quickening of pulses. But what if one is so made as to be aggravated rather than uplifted? The truth is that what may be suggestive in conversation is not admissible in deliberate art. The function of art is to make lucid an obscure idea, not to make a lucid idea obscure. And it is just in this one respect that Mr. Meredith falls short of the highest art, that he is impetuous and turbid, when he might have been restrained and clear.

Take such lines as those quoted by Mr. Trevelyan from "France in December, 1870":

> "Our deeds are pregnant graves,
> Blown rolling to the sunset from the dawn."

The second line is a perfectly noble line, full of sound and space; and the whole passage is plain enough, though it demands half a dozen lines of analysis. But it is not the best art to pack a passage so full as this; or, at least, it is a matter of opinion and taste. There are people like Mr. Trevelyan who feel the art of it; there are others, whose opinion is just as sound, who merely feel that it is an exercise in the process of brain-splitting condensation.

At times, too, Mr. Trevelyan seems entirely deserted by critical perception, as when he quotes:

> "When the South sang like a nightingale,
> Across the flowering night,
> And lord and dame held gentle sport,
> There came a young princess to Court,
> A frost of beauty white."

as an instance of a ballad of the Rossetti type; of course, lines 3 and 4 are of the ballad order; but lines 1, 2, and 5 of the stanza are purely and simply lyrical, and have nothing in common with the ballad, or even with the Rossetti ballad.

When Mr. Trevelyan comes to the philosophy of Mr. Meredith we are on the same level. He sums up the metaphysics of life, according to Mr. Meredith, thus: "Men can forgive each other, but deeds never forgive . . . [a crime] is an engine which you have set going and cannot stop." But what is it that causes or enables the individual to set it going? It would seem as if Mr. Trevelyan's philosophy could only look forwards and not backwards. If heredity acts in the future, it must have acted through the past and into the present; Mr. Trevelyan would have us to believe, on the authority of Mr. Meredith, that we are all free agents in the matter, and that causation only acts after the event. This may be very good practical ethics, but it is a shallow sort of philosophy.

The net result of such a book is that, unless you are enrolled under Mr. Trevelyan's flag, you are inevitably thrown into opposition. Even the present writer, who has a deep and reverent admiration for Mr. Meredith's work, finds himself forced to dwell on faults which, when he reads Mr. Meredith's writings, he is prone to overlook. To read Mr. Trevelyan's book produces the same sort of sensation which is produced in a devout Churchgoer, when he comes out of a quiet morning service, and sees a Salvation Army procession, with banners flying and trumpets blowing, marching noisily through the streets, and claiming to have the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. More harm than good is done by such assertions. They do not make the devout believer more devout; they only tend to make him contemptuous and derisive of all who think differently. While, on the other hand, the reader who loves Mr. Meredith wisely and well, finds himself angrily dwelling on the imperfections of the author, whom he would like to be left to appreciate quietly and temperately. As Pindar says: "Praise is overtaken of satiety"; and if Mr. Trevelyan could have brought his fine style and generous appreciation under the yoke of reason and discretion, he might have done Mr. Meredith a greater service, and crowned his head with garlands, instead of raining down rivers of oil upon his head, and beard, and the very skirts of his clothing.

GEORGE GISSING, IN MEMORIAM.*

One thing, at all events, may be said concerning the author of "Demos" and "Henry Ryecroft." He stands alone. He is more than a disciple of Dickens, whom he worshipped; when he borrows a line or an expression from Mr. Meredith it is only in passing; and if he fails he does so after a fashion of his own. The man, it will perhaps finally appear, was more important than his books. I used to imagine him a "melancholy atheist," who could paint the world's misery but give it no interpretation. I fancied him steeped in gloom. But his considerate, well-informed critic assures us that "he had the pathetic treasure of the humble and downcast and unkindly treated—unquenchable hope." So much the better. Pity that he never struck the inspiring chord loudly enough to take away the heart-ache which many of his chapters inflict. There was about him, observes Mr. Seccombe, "a curious inability to do the sane and secure thing." Let us bear that in mind. Such artists often possess unusual powers; but their view is distorted, "entirely personal," and very dangerous.

On the social tendencies of Gissing's work, or its relation to life, the Introduction does not enlarge. It allows that he is "too severely monochrome." Another way of putting this fact would be as above, viz., that he somehow had lost belief in the supreme Goodness. In his "Nether World," as the critic says, "Hunger and Want show Religion and Virtue the door with scant politeness." Yet when famine took Ireland with a strangling grasp, no such thing happened. Why? The answer to that question would explain more than Gissing's novels. It may be left for the curious to investigate.

But here we have come upon a "sedulous artist," morbidly refined, classical in his training, too delicate for the modern scramble after prizes, pitched headlong into a London which some newspaper not long ago transformed to "slumdom"; and in the horrid whirlpool he eddies round snatching at his day's food. In twenty-six years (1880-1906) twenty-eight books are published from his pen. He makes no fortune by them, although he gradually climbs up to reputation and comfort, is enabled to go South, visits the Ionian Sea, and looks on the Acropolis in Athens. He is only forty-six when he dies at St. Jean de Luz, December 28th, 1903. Was not this an episode of the "New Grub Street" which he painted? When he heard about a fresh writer, Gissing would ask: "Has he starved?" Years of this apprenticeship taught him plenty in the shape of hard, cold facts; and he never ceased working at a style of his own, which by endless patience at length he mastered. It is visible in the sentences of this volume wherever we open it. Life, however, in the process of starving had ebbed away. When he could not allow himself the "savage and ironical delight" of a "detached, remorseless, photographic artist," analysing in words the sordid elements that had been his atmosphere, he fell to a minor key—and hope did not visit him. "There is an absence of transcendental quality about his work," says Mr. Seccombe—does he mean a lack of religion?—"a failure in humour, a remoteness from life, a deficiency in awe and mystery . . . . in temper and vitality he is palpably inferior to the great masters." He does not belong to the "first series" of English novelists. But his

* "The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories." By George Gissing. Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 6s. (Constable.)

admirers may always count upon "suave writing and conscientious workmanship," when they follow him patiently. Gissing, concludes his fair judgment, has "an individual prose cadence and a genuine vein of Il Penseroso."

Among short stories it is difficult to place these now under consideration. Pathos, irony, distinction, they certainly show. "The House of Cobwebs," if Hawthorne were dealing with its idea, would be symbolical, and a figure of the man himself. In any case, it has a tender note. More in Maupassant's cruel vein is "A Charming Family," with its poor little victimised Miss Shepperson. To the same kind belongs the powerful, unpleasant study called "A Lodger in Maze Pond." It is, indeed, as "suggestive" as we feel it to be possible. "A Poor Gentleman" is perhaps altogether pathetic. The insane lover of books could not be drawn in few strokes with more subtlety than "Christopherson" exhibits. To finish on a cheerful air, we turn to "Miss Rodney's Leisure." All these hold us while we look at the carefully wrought page, as if its composition were a fine art like typography, with admiration. There is not much light or any strong movement; quiet half-tones, the reflections that come to a solitary observer who is rather tired, but who sees clearly according to his mood which colours the landscape—that is all. But in a garish, excited, noisy Cheapside, such as our day tends to be, it is not little.

WILLIAM BARRY.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.*

A large committee, representing the four Scottish Universities, the Universities of Paris and Bordeaux, and many learned societies and corporate bodies, has resolved to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Buchanan, and to celebrate it at St. Andrews. In various ways Buchanan was cosmopolitan; and he was closely associated with many places, both in Scotland and out of it; but there were special reasons for choosing St. Andrews as the city where international honour should be paid to the memory of the great Scottish scholar. Though a native of the Lennox, he was a student in St. Andrews University, and for several years was Principal of St. Leonard's College.

The executive committee has decided that the celebration shall be held this summer (6th and 7th July), a more suitable time, no doubt, than the inhospitable season at which Buchanan was born—the calends of February. But one can hardly help wondering whether it should not rather have been held next year; and for guidance in such a matter one naturally turns to the biographies, especially to the more recent, of this famous Scot. In these, however, no real help is to be found. Although the question cannot be fully discussed here, attention may be drawn to it.

David Irving, the first to write a genuinely critical life of Buchanan, says, in both editions, that he "was born about the beginning of February, in the year 1506." George Chalmers had previously said, "in the month of February, 1506." Sixteen years ago, Dr. Hume Brown, in his excellent biography, put the date as "about the beginning of February, 1506." Dr. Robert Wallace gave it as "early in February, 1506." Dr. Macmillan professes to see no reason for dubiety. His words are: "Nor is there any doubt as to the date of his birth. He himself tells us that he was born about the beginning of February, 1506." But almost simultaneously with this most recent utterance, Dr. Hume Brown, in his short life of Buchanan, says that he was born "in the beginning of February, in the year 1506 or 1507—we are not sure which."

In none of these works is the point discussed; and the primary authority on which they all rest is the very brief life generally believed to have been written by Buchanan himself not long before he died. Its first sentence as printed by Ruddiman runs thus:—"Georgius Buchananus in Levinia Scotiæ provincia natus est, ad Blanum amnem, anno salutis Christianæ millesimo quingentesimo sexto, circa Kalendas Februarias, in villa rustica, familia magis vetusta quam opulenta." This seems quite precise enough; and there would have been no room for doubt if the beginning of the year had not been changed. This change was not made in the various countries of Europe at the same time. There used to be little uniformity, indeed, as to the date on which the year began. Sometimes different days were observed in one country, some of these days being Christmas Day, Easter Eve, and 25th of March. It was changed to the 1st of January in a great part of Italy, in 1522; in Germany, in 1554; in Prussia, in 1559; in France, in 1564; in Scotland, in 1600; and in England, in 1752.

When Buchanan said that he was born about the calends of February, 1506, whether did he reckon the year as beginning on the 1st of January, as it then began in some parts of the Continent, or on the 25th of March, as it then began in Scotland and England? If he reckoned as from the 1st of January, then his true quater-centenary was in February last; but, if from the 25th of March, then it is not until February next. The precise date when the autobiography was written is not given; but its last sentence bears that it was written when he was in (or passing, or spending) his seventy-fourth year. Now, it is believed to have been written at the instigation of Peter Young, who had been pressed by Randolph to write Buchanan's life. Randolph's letter to Young is printed from the original by Ruddiman, and is dated 15th March, 1579. As Randolph, in dating his letters, reckoned the year as beginning on the 25th of March, it follows that, although Buchanan wrote the autobiography immediately after Peter Young received that letter, it could not have been written until nearly two months past the calends of February, 1580, by the present reckoning; and, as Buchanan had not then completed his seventy-fourth year, he could not have been born until 1507 according to the new reckoning. If it be objected that, in the same last sentence, he is said to have been appointed to teach the King in the year 1565 (that is, a year before the King was born), it may be answered that, if any importance is to be attached to such an obvious slip, then it would not be safe to accept in any sense the date in the first sentence.

Although, in Dr. Macmillan's opinion, there is no doubt as to the date, it is by no means clear which year he holds by; for in one chapter he affirms that "Buchanan was only six years of age when James the Fourth died," that is, on the 9th of September, 1513; and, in another chapter, he alleges that he was "in his seventy-fifth year," when he wrote a letter which is dated "17 Cal. April. anno 1581"; and in his preface he states that the quater-centenary of his birth "falls this year."

Buchanan's biographers have displayed much uncertainty regarding the places where he received his early, or pre-university, education. His own statement is very indefinite. Killearn and Dumbarton have both been suggested as likely places; and he may have been at school in both, but there is no satisfactory proof, nothing better than oral tradition or late assertion, in favour of either. This uncertainty is confessed by the best biographers. Dr. Macmillan puts the matter thus:—"No authentic record remains of the school or schools in which Buchanan received his education." In 1890, Dr. Hume Brown was in as great perplexity. But now he says:—"It is pretty certain that at some time during his boyhood he attended school in Glasgow." Of course, in a book for the young no authority is given; and I do not know on what authority this statement is based by Dr. Hume Brown; but there is fairly good evidence that Buchanan attended the Grammar-school of Glasgow. This evidence his biographers have overlooked with surprising unanimity. It occurs in a letter written by Robert Baillie in 1660. He names the illustrious men who had been associated with the University and city of Glasgow. He could not claim Buchanan as an alumnus of the University, but inserts him in his list because, among other reasons, he was "bred in our grammar-school, much conversing in our college." It is true that Baillie was not a contemporary; but he was born within twenty years of Buchanan's death, was a native of Glasgow, was brought up in it, was a graduate of its University, and had been appointed one of its professors eighteen years before he wrote this letter, and doubtless had access to sources of knowledge on this matter, which are beyond the reach of modern inquirers. His testimony ought, therefore, to carry great weight.

It may be noted in passing that Baillie does not include

* "George Buchanan: A Biography." By D. Macmillan, M.A., D.D. 3s. 6d. net. (George A. Morton.)

"George Buchanan." By Robert Wallace. Completed by J. Campbell Smith. Quater-Centenary Edition. 1s. net. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

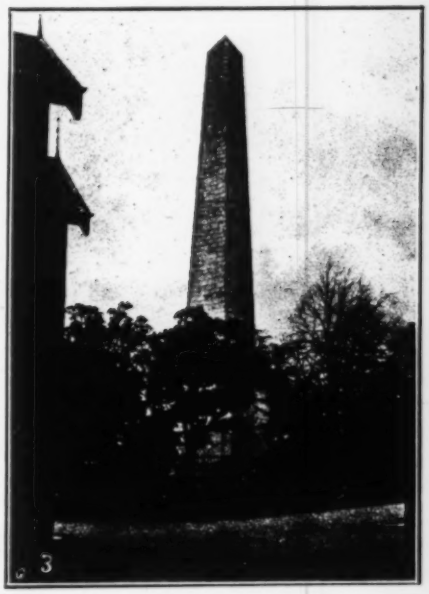
"George Buchanan and His Times." By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. 1s. net. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

1. The Pot of Gartness, Killearn.

2. Killearn from the East.

3. The Buchanan Monument at Killearn.

4. The Village of Killearn. Birthplace of George Buchanan.



Photos David Robertson, Glasgow.

Knox in this list; and, as he esteemed him as a man of "incomparable memory," the omission strengthens the conviction that Knox was not a Glasgow student.

Dr. Macmillan frankly avows his indebtedness, as Dr. Wallace did before him, to Dr. Hume Brown's masterly work, a work which may on some points be supplemented, but is never likely to be superseded. On one important and interesting point, Dr. Hume Brown himself supplemented it by an article in the "Scottish Review," for April, 1893, in which he set forth, from the original records, the manner of the trial and the treatment meted out to Buchanan by the Inquisition in Portugal. Quite recently other documents have been found in that country relating to Buchanan and several of his associates. Among other things, some of his works have been found in which the objectionable passages have been deleted by the fathers of the Inquisition.

The new edition of Dr. Wallace's Buchanan is simply a reprint of his unfinished contribution to the "Famous Scots Series," a contribution which was unfortunately completed by Sheriff Campbell Smith. Some of the errors may have been corrected; some certainly remain. The new edition, like its precedessor, is well printed and tastefully got up, and has the additional advantage of being enriched with six illustrations. The little volume, which Dr. Hume Brown has expressly written for young people, deals with all the leading facts in a simple and clear way, and contains more than a score of illustrations. Dr. Macmillan's book, which is on a much more ambitious scale, and intended for the general, rather than the critical, reader, is well and vigorously written, and is sure to be popular.

In dealing with Buchanan as an historian, Dr. Hume Brown, sixteen years ago, wrote thus:—"It should be said that Buchanan's method all through his History is in the first place to present his own opinion with all the clearness and emphasis of which he is master. Where he was aware that wide difference of opinion existed regarding any person or event, some letter or speech is introduced which exhibits the arguments of the other side. These arguments certainly lose nothing of their force as he states them. It is evident, indeed, that it is a matter of conscience with him to put the case of his adversaries in the best light. The most notable example of this is the message that Mary is made to put into the mouth of her French envoy after her marriage with Bothwell. All that can be said for Mary is there put with a force and ingenuity which none of her modern advocates has surpassed." This passage is thus echoed by Dr. Macmillan:—"All that could possibly be said in defence of the Queen of Scots' own conduct is narrated by him in the message which he credits Mary with having despatched to the Court of France." Now, as a matter of fact, Buchanan simply took the official instructions which the Bishop of Dunblane received when he was sent to France by Mary; and it was these instructions, slightly abbreviated and shorn of the last two paragraphs, which he inserted in his "History." This defence of Mary's conduct is, no doubt, very skilfully done; but it was not drawn up by Buchanan He only utilised it.

Few scholars have had such a stirring, such a varied, and such an adventurous career. If this and succeeding generations fail to understand or appreciate him, the blame cannot be charged against Dr. Hume Brown, Dr. Wallace, or Dr. Macmillan. An idea of his personal appearance may be gained from the engraving in Boisard's "Icones Virorum Illustrium," which Mr. Caw, of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, thinks is probably founded upon an authentic likeness. That engraving, and the contemporary portrait, preserved in the University of Edinburgh, represent, he says, one man, and that man "is probably, almost certainly, George Buchanan." This contemporary portrait, which is painted on a fir panel (eighteen inches by eleven), was engraved for Irving's second edition, but that engraving is infinitely surpassed by the photograph in Mr. Caw's "Scottish Portraits." There is record evidence to show that Buchanan sat, in his old age, to two foreign artists—Vaensoun (or Faenzone), and Bronckhorst.

D. HAY FLEMING.

BOUILLABAISSE.*

Wit, humour, learning, apt allusion,
A nimble fancy, easy grace:
All these you meet "in fine confusion,"
In this one dish of Bouillabaisse.

If we must apologise to somebody for this fishy metaphor, it must be to Thackeray rather than to "Q." For the latter cannot reasonably resent the comparison after the appetising description he has given us in this book of what he admits is "a dish for heroes, and deserves all the heroic praises sung of it." We do not underestimate the difficulty which Mr. Quiller-Couch has grappled with and overcome in giving us a masterly recipe for this wonderful and succulent dish of twelve ingredients. If we ever possess a langouste, a few rascas, and a conger, we shall supervise the concoction with an easy confidence. But what we wish to emphasise (and plead) is that Mr. Quiller-Couch's reviewers have a considerably harder task before them in attempting to describe the ingredients of his latest culinary triumph. Merely to enumerate them were like presenting a menu to one who was not at the feast. By trying to convey to our readers a few morsels from the table, we may in some measure escape the deadly sin of Barmecide.

We have heard of a professor of philosophy, who (textbook in hand) explained to his students that his method of exposition was "to go down the banks of time, culling flowers of philosophy as we go." It is after this method that we approach Q's *farrago libelli*. His book consists of twelve sections, each of which reveals some fitness for the month whose name it bears. Needless to say, "Q" makes no pedantic abuse of this simple scheme of grouping. In April and October we have delightful descriptions of the "fitting up" and the "laying up" of the boat; in December we have pleasant talk of Christmas carols, and of "the days that are no more." But there is no straining after a superficial relevancy, and Mr. Quiller-Couch, like Montaigne and Steele, avails himself to the full of the essayist's undoubted right to be discursive. Seated in Will's coffee-house, Steele took as his province "quicquid agunt homines." It is the same breadth of field which Mr. Quiller-Couch looks out on from his Cornish window.

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted, as we might expect, to literary criticism, of the quality of which no reader need be told who is acquainted with the writer's earlier "Adventures in Criticism." The book opens with a humorous skit on the methods of the modern interviewer, and we are given a delightful parody of the ensuing newspaper correspondence, which, starting from a misapprehension, gathers vehemence as it goes, until it is gently but firmly ended by an unanswerable letter from "A Mother of Seven." From this we pass to a fine appreciation of the poems of Traherne, discovered by Mr. Dobell, and later to a valuable essay on the Odes of Keats. The poetry of Meredith is the subject of discerning eulogy; it is also the text on which Mr. Quiller-Couch bases a very suggestive and brilliant discourse on the function of the poet. There is, he maintains, only one possible background to poetry, viz., philosophy; and the ultimate criterion of all poetry is the degree and fidelity with which it depicts the Universal. Applying this test, Mr. Quiller-Couch does not hesitate to affirm that there are single lines in Blake which reveal things undreamed of in Shakespeare's philosophy. To the poetry of our own time he applies it with an effect drastic and unquestionable. With some scorn he asks what is the poetical asset of a bastard imperialism. "Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley saluted the Boer war in verse of much truculence, but no quality. . . . The Warden of Glenalmond bubbled and squeaked, and Mr. Alfred Austin, like the man at the piano, kept on doing his best." Of Mr. Kipling's verse he observes acutely that it has reached its high-water mark when it has been directed not to the "occasional" but the Universal. Some may read into Mr. Quiller-Couch's criticism a political intent by misunderstanding the purport of his dedicatory epistle. But he must be a dull reader, whatever his political convictions, who does not see that the whole book is aflame with a noble sincerity and patriotism. As regards literary criticism, Mr. Quiller-Couch's indictment of

* "From a Cornish Window." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

certain aspects of present-day literature seems to us to be based on a logic that is quite irrefutable.

Before leaving the critical side of the book, we are constrained to mention two points which Mr. Quiller-Couch handles with conspicuous ability and refreshing commonsense. It redounds to his quality as an essayist and as a critic that he has still something fresh to say on the "Celtic note" in literature.

"Meanwhile, let it be understood that in speaking of a 'Celtic' note, I accuse no fellow creature of being an Irishman, Scotsman, Welshman, Manxman, Cornishman, or Breton. The poet will, as a rule, turn out to be one or other of these, or at least to have a traceable strain of Celtic blood in him. But to that note only is the term applied. Now this note may be recognised by many tokens; but the first and chiefest is its insistence upon man's brotherhood with bird and beast, star and flower, everything, in short, which we loosely call nature, his brotherhood even with spirits and angels, as one of an infinite number of microcosms reflecting a common image of God. And poetry which holds by this creed will hardly be subservient to societies and governments and legalised doctrines and conventions; it will hold to them by a long and loose chain, if at all. It flies high enough, at any rate, to take a bird's-eye view of all manner of things, which, in the temple, the palace, or the market-place, have come to be taken as axiomatic. It eyes them with an extraordinary 'dissoluteness'—if you will give that word its literal meaning. It sees that some accepted virtues carry no reflection of heaven; it sees that heaven, on the other hand—so infinite is its care—may shake with anger from bound to bound at the sight of a caged bird. It sees that the souls of living things, even of the least conspicuous, reach up by chains, and are anchored in heaven, while 'great' events slide by on the surface of this skimming planet, with empires and their ordinances."

With equal force and eloquence Mr. Quiller-Couch protests against the view that the man of letters should be discredited as a man of affairs. "All are for the State," and his appeal to history is conclusive that the segregation of a literary class is symptomatic not only of literary but of national decadence. "When literature is driven to feed on itself, it is about the worst thing that can ever happen to it, and one of the worst things that can ever happen to a nation."

Dipping again into the bouillabaisse, we discover many delightful passages about the Duchy and the sea. Of the former Mr. Quiller-Couch writes with a whimsical inconsistency. He tells us that in an Elizabethan text-book of geography is was described as "a foreign country on that side of England next to Spain." In his inmost heart it is probable that "Q" regrets a little that the definition no longer obtains. He rejoices that the Duchy has come to its own in the fame of its beauty; but the tourist he does not love. So incompatible are recognition and isolation! So difficult is it for perfect love to cast out jealousy! His hints to tourists are inoffensive as they are pointed, and are capable of quite general application. By anecdote and personal experience he proves what to some will come with the force of a discovery, that bad manners are not the monopoly of any one country, and that even a Frenchman has been known to be rude.

Of the depth and sincerity of Q's enthusiasm for the sea we leave two quotations to speak.

"Though in all human probability I shall never be the first to burst into a silent sea, I can declare quite seriously that I never steer into an unfamiliar creek or haven, but, as its recesses open, I can understand something of the awe of the boat's crew in Andrew Marvell's 'Bermudas'; yes, and something of the exultation of the great Columbus himself!"

These are brave words, the gallant expression of an enthusiasm that ridicules ridicule. Those that follow are to our thinking the finest and sincerest tribute ever paid to one of England's greatest pictures.

"You see now what memories we lay up with the boat. Will you think it ridiculous that after such royal days of summer, her inconspicuous obsequies have before now put me in mind of Turner's 'Fighting *Temeraire*'? I declare, at any rate, that the fault lies not with me, but with our country's painters and poets for providing no work of art nearer to my mood. We English have a great seafaring and a great political past. Yet the magic of the sea and shipping has rarely touched our poetry, and for its finest expression we must still turn to an art in which, as a race, we are less expert. I stand before that picture of Turner's in the National Gallery. The late Mr. Froude believed in a good time coming, when the sea-captains of Elizabeth are to find their bard, and sit enshrined in 'a greater English national epic as grand as the Odyssey!' It may be, but as yet our poets have achieved but a few sea-fights, marine adventures, and occasional pieces, which wear a spirited but accidental look, and suggest the excursionist. On me, at any rate, no poem in our language—not even 'The Ancient Mariner'—binds as that picture binds, the

'Mystic spell,
Which none but sailors know or feel,
And none but they can tell'—

if indeed they *can* tell. In it, Turner seized and rolled together in one triumphant moment, the emotional effect of noble shipping and a sentiment as ancient and profound as the sea itself—human regret for transitory human glory. The great warship, glimmering in her Mediterranean fighting-paint, moving like a queen to execution; the pert and ignoble tug, itself an emblem of the new order, eager, pushing, ugly, and impatient of the slow loveliness it supersedes; the sunset hour, closing man's labour; the fading river-reach—you may call these things obvious, but all art's greatest effects are obvious when once genius has discovered them. I should know well enough by this time what is coming when I draw near that picture, and yet my heart never fails to leap with the old wild wonder. There are usually one or two men standing before it—I observe that it affects women less—and I glance at them furtively to see how *they* take it. If ever I surprise one with tears in his eyes, I believe we shall shake hands. And why not? For the moment we are not strangers, but men subdued by the wonder and sadness of our common destiny: 'we feel that we are greater than we know.' We are two Englishmen, in one moment realising the glories of our blood and state. We are alone together, gazing upon a new Pacific, 'silent, upon a peak in Darien.'"

We have left ourselves no room to do justice to the humour and the poetry of this volume. Mr. Quiller-Couch tells many excellent stories, which we should have liked to have quoted, to prove the quality of native Cornish wit. And his pleasant discourses are enlivened by many sallies of his own wit, as when he confesses that he never looks at the pages of Mrs. Beeton without envying "Mr. Beeton," and tells us of the eminent Bishop whose sermon implied "a complete and thoroughly commonsense repudiation of Gospel Christianity." The poetry of the volume, in its lighter vein, contains "The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup"—a poem already known and valued by all lovers of skilful parody—and the ever-delightful travestry of "Sir Patrick Spens," and Euclid, beginning:—

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
'O, wha will rear me an equilateral triangle
Upon a given straight line?'

"O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee—
'Of a' the clerks by Granta side,
Sir Patrick bears the gree.

'Tis he was taught by the Tod-huntére,
Tho' not at the tod-hunting;
Yet gif that he be given a line,
He'll do as brave a thing.'"

To balance these skilful levities Mr. Quiller-Couch gives us this beautiful description of violets:—

"Nay, more than violets,
These thoughts of thine, friend!
Rather thy reedy brook
—Taw's tributary—
At midnight murmuring,
Descried them, the delicate,
The dark-eyed goddesses,
There by his cressy beds
Dissolved and dreaming—
Dreams that distilled in a dewdrop
All the purple of night,
All the shine of a planet,"

and the noble "Chant Royal of High Virtue," with its rousing envoy:—

"Young knight, the lists are set to-day:
Hereafter shall be long to pray,
In sepulture with hands of stone.
Ride, then! Outride the bugle blown!
And gaily dinging down the van,
Charge with a cheer—Set on! Set on!
Virtue is that beseems a Man!"

The foregoing quotation might well have served as a motto for the volume. For whether literature or life be his theme, Mr. Quiller-Couch writes with a sincerity of purpose that attracts us as much as the distinction of his style. To borrow his own fine compliment to another, it is a solace beyond his guessing to be reminded "that criticism still lives amongst us, and has a Roman spirit." The cover of this volume tells us that it "is an instalment of a much longer work which will never be published, but which, if it ever were published, should be called 'Q, his Book.'" This hope we shall not forgo. Our literary criticism still calls for their very best from those who can bring to it the

George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll, K.G., 1898.
(Reproduced from "George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

"Roman Spirit." And Mr. Quiller-Couch will pardon us if, using the base artifice of the *argumentum ad hominem*, we remind him that he is the possessor of a magic wand, by waving which he can at any time refresh those "long in populous city pent" with the glamour and the fascination of the sea.

J. H. LOBBAN.

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ARGYLL.*

The physiognomist who without previous knowledge of the late Duke of Argyll might be asked to "place" him from his portraits, would be puzzled. The brow might suggest a poet, the mouth a divine of the old school, the hands an artist. One has seen portraits in which the attitude and the erect, almost defiant, pose of the head suggest the warrior for a losing cause; but those are not included in these volumes. The several that are here might be counterfeit presentments of a much more mundane character. Not prosaic by any means; on the other hand, short of sublimity. They do not represent an Ajax defying the lightning—and Mr. Gladstone. By no mischance could the physiognomist mistake this figure for other than a gentleman and a man of culture, though he might stray into various errors.

It is always difficult to bring unbiassed consideration to the features of a man of whose character one has gained some faint glimmering. After reading this autobiography, however—and the Duke's own story forms the greater and the more interesting part of the book—one gazes on the portraits with a feeling of satisfaction. They do not belie the writer: they emphasise the effect produced by his written pages. "A man so various"—we need not pursue the quotation to its bitter end, but complete it thus: "a man so various that he seemed to be" the model of a duke, but somewhat disappointing in all the separate elements of his variety.

By all vulgar expectation, the boyhood and youth of a duke should be frivolous, if not worse. The virtues, private and public, should come only with advancing years. The case was far otherwise with the Duke of Argyll. He made no mistakes; at least, his autobiography contains no record of any. Sober and grave in his earliest years, he was occupied betimes with the serious things of life—with science, art, philosophy. Politics came later as the natural consequence of his position. Because he was not brought up to the title, he missed the chance of youthful indiscretion which is afforded by candidature for the House of Commons. Though he lacked the somewhat sordid education afforded by the rough-and-tumble of politics, there is a striking propriety in the fact that George Douglas, eighth Duke of Argyll, learnt his statesmanship from his peers. He confesses that he detested mobs, and suggests that this, "one of the strongest instinctive feelings of which I am conscious," may have been inherited from his grandmother, the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, who suffered without timidity the startling consequence of a Jack Wilkes' riot. I have written "Jack Wilkes," but I find the Duke calls him "that notorious and profligate adventurer John Wilkes."

If Elizabeth Gunning were responsible, even in a small measure, for the Duke's youthful gravity, we must attribute to beauty a new and hitherto undiscovered power. That he was preternaturally serious appears from a comment on one of his letters from the Continent, where he was making the grand tour in the company of a tutor and a doctor, by a "near relative, old Lady Granville, an aunt of the Duchess of Sutherland, and a very clever woman." Lady Granville's exclamation was: "Quite charming; but oh, it might be from a grandfather!"

The reader, perhaps unjustly, remembers this criticism when he arrives at the pages which deal with the Duke's political career. While still in the early thirties, he became a member of the Cabinet which managed or mismanaged the Crimean War, and his attitude towards his colleagues does seem a trifle—just a trifle—grandfatherly. Lord Aberdeen, for instance, confessed to him, on invitation, that he could not put his finger on any one step to which he ought never to have assented, or any one step which he ought to have taken and failed to take. Thereupon said the Duke: "My dear Lord Aberdeen, you have nothing to reproach yourself with." This does not, it is true, coincide with other confessions and convictions, but our autobiographer was and remained stalwart in his belief in the necessity of the war, and as a loyal member of the Cabinet was bound to justify the conduct of its chief.

I am not concerned with the Duke of Argyll's political record, save as a contribution to an impression one forms of his intellectual character from a perusal of these memoirs. Judged by a high political, by a high artistic, by a high literary, by a high scientific standard, he appears a competent, gifted amateur. He lacked, as any man in his position, with his qualities and the defects of his qualities must have lacked, that contact with the actual which brings the amateur alongside the professional and puts polish on his earnestness and enthusiasm. First among his interests—if these pages present a true picture of his mind—was the science which studies nature with a loving eye. "How such a bird flew or dived on such a day," as the Dowager Duchess of Argyll aptly expresses it in her preface, was from boyhood to old age a matter of intimate concern to him. When he was hesitating over the choice of a London house, the presence of nutatches, fly-catchers and warblers on Campden Hill enabled him to decide for that locality in spite of its distance from London's heart: "the birds settled everything." He loved the company of scientific men, but there is no evidence that they accepted him as one of themselves, and on his rushing, as he was prone to do, into controversy, science in the person of Huxley did not hesitate to expose his weakness. Yet his ardour was noble. "Finding myself so near the University," he remarks incidentally while describing his pastimes in Edinburgh, "I used to walk across Bruntsfield Links every morning after breakfast to attend the class of chemistry"—no insignificant proof of zeal in a young duke who was also a budding statesman! He might have been a notable scientist had destiny not been too lavish in other directions. It is doubtful—or perhaps not doubtful—whether he could have made himself an artist. The treasures of Italy did not attract him. Paxton's Crystal Palace fulfilled his expectation as St. Peter's and the Coliseum could not fulfil it. His own paintings, reproduced in three volumes, have the true amateur touch. In literature he began well by worshipping Wordsworth, but in later life transferred allegiance to Tennyson; while the complacency which he reflects on his own style

* "George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. (1823-1900): Autobiography and Memoirs." Edited by the Dowager Duchess of Argyll. With Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. 36s. net. (Murray.)

Inverary Castle.

(Reproduced from "George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

does little credit to his critical sense. His oratory was finely ornamental, but hardly such as to cause the nations furiously to rave.

A big book might be written on the difficulties of the Duke of Argyll's situation in life, and we should get no clearer conception of them than was expressed in a true and caustic sentence by the old Scottish gardener, who observed, or is said to have observed, that the Duke's birth made it impossible for him to associate with his intellectual equals, while his intellect made is impossible for him to associate with his equals by birth.

After every criticism has been launched, however, we have to acknowledge in the eighth Duke of Argyll a personal character transcending all that intellect or birth or achievement can give a man: the character of a great gentleman, of a nobleman in the best and truest sense of that much-abused word, of an honest servant of his own beliefs. Smile as we may at the young grandfather, his life compels our respect, his notion of the duties and responsibilities of a lofty station our sincere regard.

THOMAS LLOYD.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY.*

If there were any truth in all that has been said, with parrot-like insistence, about the recent attitude of this country towards poetry, the sudden publication of a history of English prosody in three large volumes at ten shillings each, ought to devastate the Stock Exchange, and remove the turtle-eating magnates of London in one purple tempest of heart-disease. And indeed, though the mere existence of the parrot-cry disproves its own contention by manifesting a very considerable and benevolent interest in the welfare of poetry (an interest of the same nature as that which Society takes in slumming), it is difficult to understand for whom books like this are written. Not for the poets, living or dead, we presume! How many of them have danced with a "springy limber Di-meter" to a "bob and wheel" in the greenwood? How many of them have sported with the hair of Anacrusis in the shade, and remained most properly unconscious of the fact? The mob of gentlemen who, in Mr. Swinburne's delicate phrasing, lust after Poetic Fame, will find no help whatever in works of this kind; for prosody of this kind deals with something quite outside poetry. That is obvious, at the outset. Like Logic, it is a science, not an art; and the study of prosody will not help one to write poetry any more than the study of logic will help one to reason, or the study of anatomy to walk. It was, in fact, as easy for a great poet to appear in the days of Chaucer as it was in the days of Pope, perhaps a little easier. It would be quite possible for a great poet to be born in Wimbledon next week, who should write in no other metre than "rhyme royal" all his life. In poetry, true poetry, there is no progress or improvement. You cannot get to Eternity in a motor car, or add the British Empire to Paradise; and poetry is an incarnation of the Word, a revelation that allows you

> "To see a world in a grain of sand,
> A heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour."

Mr. Saintsbury, of course, knows all this; and he writes of prosody with an intense artistic appreciation, as one might write of the gorgeous garments and flowing ritual of some great Church, tracing their development through the centuries. Yet it is just here that we feel he fails through no fault of his own, and we begin to doubt whether this or any other such work on prosody can have much real value.

Parts of this book are most delightful reading; but we are frankly unable to estimate the worth of the startling discovery that the metre of *Calisto and Melibœa* is "like the old game of *Cockamaroo* or *German billiards*—in which a marble runs down a slope beset with pins and falls into a trench at the end, whence it is helped up again by a dead lift to run its course once more." We do not know whether the possession of such tit-bits of extraordinary knowledge as that the "*Nice Wanton* is pretty uniformly middle-sized" would be of any help to Mr. Arthur Symons; but we feel comparatively certain that it would be superfluous to the general; and Mr. Saintsbury's first volume abounds in such discoveries. The best and deepest things ever written on any prosody are contained in the second book of Browning's *Sordello;* while the more superficial side of the subject is dealt with perfectly in Pope's *Essay on Criticism.* Could these two points of view have been united in a short book by the late Walter Pater or Robert Louis Stevenson, with a little of Mr. Saintsbury's historical knowledge thrown in, and illustrated only from poems that have passed into the language, we might have had an ideal volume on the subject; but we are compelled to doubt the sincerity of those reviewers who have recently professed an overwhelming appetite for this gigantic history, brilliantly laborious as it seems. The whole gist of it, we believe, could have been compressed into a very much smaller volume. Mr. Saintsbury's remarks on "the Nut-brown Maid" are illuminating; and, with one or two other passages, in which he discusses "equivalence" in English verse, are the only undoubtedly valuable portions of the book. They could be compressed into half a dozen pages. The chapters on Spenser are extremely interesting; but our doubts as to their soundness are not removed when we find Mr. Saintsbury inveighing against the second line in

> "It was the time when rest, the gift of gods,
> Sweetly sliding into the eyes of men,"

and preferring the later

> "It was the time when rest, soft-sliding downe
> From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes."

* "A History of English Prosody." By Prof. George Saintsbury. Vol. I. 10s. (Macmillan and Co.)

If Spenser wrote the blank verse of the first version, his only reason for altering it was that in the second version he had adopted rhyme. It had nothing to do with the *faire* of the line itself. The beauty of English verse, especially blank verse, depends very largely on variations from the norm; so much so that if a line like Tennyson's wonderful

"Ruining along the illimitable inane"

were taken without context, it would be difficult to say in what metre it was written. And it seems to us that Spenser's line is a beautiful illustration of the principle, variation from the norm, yet a maintenance of it as a kind of "divine average," a golden thread holding the paragraph together.

In conclusion, we may say that if a History of English Prosody in three volumes of this size ought to be written, including the chaff of our literature as well as the grain (and thereby almost concealing the latter), probably nobody but Mr. Saintsbury could do it so thoroughly. Our objection is to Prosody as a science, not to Mr. Saintsbury as a Prosodist. He writes, as everyone knows, with great distinction on whatever subject he touches; and, even here, he writes with a sparkle that is more French than English, as when he says that "a pretty metre and an obliging is no more likely to escape notice than a pretty and obliging girl." Our doubt is as to whether any scientific purpose is served by describing the girl thus:—two eyes, two ears, two lips, two arms, two silk stockings; and then labelling her a "permanent possibility of inamoration" in couplets. It is true that Mr. Saintsbury's artistic sense would probably make the description run more like this:—two blue eyes, two shell-like ears, two sinuous arms, thirty-six white teeth like a flock of sheep, and two open-work silk stockings; but Mr. Saintsbury's undergraduate had a great deal of common-sense on his side when he asked if it would not be simpler to call it "a girl." ALFRED NOYES

A KEY TO SORDELLO.*

This book is a tribute to the lasting power of *Sordello*. It is also an evidence of its peculiar difficulty. Perhaps no other great poem combines so many faults of style and construction. Its language is harsh, elliptical, and allusive, and the story is told in a succession of "jerks," so that it needs an unusually careful reader to grasp the order of events. "It is quite certain," said Dean Church, "that nothing can be done with it, nothing can be made out of it, without great attention and some trouble—more trouble than we usually expect to be called upon to give to any book but one of high mathematics. Is it worth while to take this trouble?"

The answer has been given by two generations of readers who, for various reasons, have been attracted to the poem. A few devout worshippers of Browning read it because the master wrote it, and are glad to have performed a pious duty. Some study it as they would study an acrostic, because they take delight in solving a puzzle. Others seek in it the passages of genuine poetry which shine in its pages from amongst a wilderness of cramped sentences and obscure historical references. But there are also those who see in it what the poet undoubtedly intended, though he was not yet master enough of his craft to set it forth so that those "who will may hear Sordello's story told." It is a series of incidents in the development of a soul; and the author holds that "little else is worth study." But each soul must develop in an environment which is apt to be unsympathetic; and for his hero's environment Browning chose an intricate and little-known series of episodes in the secular struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline. The characters, strong and weak, which fitfully crowd the stage, and the wild scenes in which their interests clash, are but historical decoration, the author would say. But they are apt to divert one's attention from the solitary soul cast in their midst. The lonely, almost elfin, boyhood of Sordello; his sensitiveness, attuned to nature in every fibre; his life as a minstrel, with its half-hearted struggle to be true to his art and to himself; his discovery of a cause worth living for, under the inspiration of a mind purer and less subtle than his own; the startling summons from the great world, and the quick march of events which places him lifeless on the throne—this "story," as told by the author, is set forth in a network of entanglements and illustrated by a profusion of obscurities which drive the reader to despair.

Mr. Duff has come to the rescue of those who still wish to hear Sordello's story told, but who have been baffled by the poet's own manner of telling it. He has taken the only satisfactory way of dealing with the matter; and the way is not a short one. He treats the book just as if it were an ancient classic, difficult to interpret by reason of its language, its subject, and the mental attitude of the writer. The poem is divided into sections; each section is prefaced by an "argument"; it is then paraphrased; the paraphrase being almost equivalent to a prose translation of the section; finally, foot-notes follow in which are explained historical and literary allusions, linguistic and grammatical difficulties. By those who already know the poem this serious attempt to cope with all its difficulties will be cordially welcomed; to those for whom "Sordello" hitherto has been an aspiration only, it offers the means of attainment and enjoyment.

To paraphrase a poem is to take the poetry out of it; only the need for clearness can excuse the process; it cannot be fully justified unless the paraphrase sends the reader back to the poem. A single specimen of Mr. Duff's method may be quoted. It is taken, almost at random, from a passage which is not specially obscure, but which is significant in itself. Browning writes:—

"In short,
When at some future no-time a brave band
Sees, using what it sees, then shake my hand
In heaven, my brother! Meanwhile where's the hurt
Of keeping the Makers-see on the alert,
At whose defection mortals stare aghast
As though heaven's bounteous windows were slammed fast
Incontinent? Whereas all you, beneath,
Should scowl at, bruise their lips and break their teeth
Who ply the pullies, for neglecting you:
And therefore have I moulded, made anew
A Man, and give him to be turned and tried,
Be angry with or pleased at."

Mr. Duff's paraphrase runs as follows:—

"In fact, when genuine poets act out their own conceptions, the millennium will have come! Meanwhile, where is the harm of keeping poets to their business? They are missed when they do not sing: it seems then as though heaven had ceased to have anything to do with earth. Practical men, indeed, ought to visit any neglect severely upon the seers whose business it is to open the windows from time to time and let the world receive some fresh ideas. As a poet conscious of this, I have devised this character Sordello, and now I ask you, my audience gathered from among the living and the dead, to make of him what you will."

The only point in this paraphrase which is open to cavil is the description of the poet's audience as "gathered from among the living and the dead." This is not hinted at in the passage before us, though it is obviously a reminiscence of Browning's initial address to his audience, as

"Summoned together from the world's four ends.
Dropped down from heaven or cast up from hell"—

a description which need not be taken too seriously.

If readers who have hitherto failed to penetrate the meaning of "Sordello," will follow Mr. Duff's lead, they are pretty certain to be able to gratify the author and themselves by the admission, "That lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it." W. R. SORLEY.

* "An Exposition of Browning's 'Sordello.'" With Historical and other Notes. By David Duff, B.D. Pp. xx., 224. 10s. 6d. net. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ALFRED AINGER.*

There are many men whose lives, in spite of their own individual distinction, afford scanty material to the biographer, and the subject of this volume is beyond question one of them. He was for a brief time a curate and a schoolmaster, then for twenty-six years Reader and finally Master of the Temple, while from the year 1887 he enjoyed a Canonry at Bristol, and loved to recall that, as a successor of Sydney Smith, he had at least "a precedent for flippancy." In this quiet career he was not likely to meet with many of those "moving accidents" which make a life eventful; and, on the other hand, those personal qualities which lent him an unique charm with those who knew him were, for the most part, such as a written description can only partially suggest to others, nor can any account of a man's look,

* "The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger." By Edith Sichel. Pp. 354. 12s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable.)

voice, gait, and whimsicalities justly furnish forth a volume. Perhaps, indeed, the undying interest of his own biography of Lamb might suggest an opposite view, for the resemblance between the two men is in some ways curiously close, but however much they may approximate in temperament, taste, and eccentricity, the difference between them as subjects for biography is immense. In spite of the years he spent on a clerk's stool, in spite of its narrow range of circumstance, Lamb's life is part and parcel of the great history of humanity. His place in literature is wholly his own; he is one of the immortals who stands apart without a parallel, and his writings are so intimately united with his life, the workman and his work are so much as it were of a piece, that every detail of his existence has a real and permanent importance. But with lesser men the case is otherwise, and Ainger's position in the world of letters seems hardly to require a full biography, just as the simple tenor of his life seems to give little scope for it. For what is there to be said about his published writings that might not be put into half a dozen pages? He was an admirable, and within a certain limited range of subjects, almost an unrivalled critic, and he composed some excellent sermons. Thus much a biographer can explain and illustrate—and the task is performed with tact and discrimination in this volume—but, after all, such comments and quotations affect but little the judgment which will finally be passed on a man's work. What Ainger published is before the world, and the world will decide its value for itself. The task of a biographer is not to criticise, but to supply us with facts which throw new light on an author's work, and this Miss Sichel fails to do, not from any fault of her own, but simply from the circumstance that there are no such facts to be discovered. That Ainger knew Shakespeare as few men knew him, and that he knew Lamb better than anyone else knows him, is patent to everyone who has read what he himself wrote. As a literary man he is his own best biographer, and except odds and ends there is little to be added to the knowledge to be derived from his works themselves. But Miss Sichel has only succumbed to an irresistible temptation. For, in fact, there were two Alfred Aingers, the one an author with whose life the world has no large concern, the other a being who cast a spell over all who knew him. To paint him in words has never yet been achieved, though a brilliant effort of H. Riviere's to do so with the brush is reproduced in this volume, and for a stranger the task is impossible. But some disjointed materials for a portrait, some *disjecta membra* of the living person, may at least be thrown confusedly together. "'The baby,' he said, with a grave but unconcerned air, 'is sucking needles, sitting with its legs over the window-sill'"—that is how he behaved as a child when sent upstairs to report to his stepmother on the *status quo* in the nursery. Afterwards as a boy we find him "on Twelfth Night, 1854, causing Thackeray to roll off his chair in a burst of laughter" by his singing of *Miss Villikins*. Then, in later life, he appears practising ventriloquism by "imitating a cockatoo while driving demurely down Bond Street," going through "a fandango with a certain lady at Hampstead," dancing, "Puck-like, a shadowy dance, swift, graceful, unreal," by moonlight on Alexander Macmillan's lawn at Tooting, or in Du Maurier's studio "suddenly turning into a donkey, with a donkey's countenance, rolling over and over and rubbing his back in great ease." "Faylike," "freakish," "fantastic" are the epithets continually applied to him, and a poetic friend (the present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge) compares him in outward aspect to "a gnome or spirit peering with elf-like enquiry out of the infinite for a brief and amused moment." But this curious being, who at times seemed to live on jests, had also very different qualities. He was by the almost universal consent of all who heard him the most beautiful reader of his day. His knowledge of the best literature was intimate, his judgment of the most refined, his sensitiveness extreme; the dramatic instinct was born in him, and nature had added to these gifts a voice of the finest quality, so that poetry uttered by him received as it were a new life and a second inspiration. Above all, to hear him read the Bible in low quiet tones, penetrated with feeling but controlled at once by taste and reverence, was to be "caught up," as it were, and carried away from earth by some divine breath such as men of old called "The Spirit of the Lord." For in spite of all his odd ways Ainger was in his inmost heart intensely serious. "My jesting does not mean a careless and indifferent spirit," he writes as a young man, and as an old one he says, "I regard my sermons as the chief work of my life." It was, indeed, in the duality of his nature, the "combination in him of Ariel and an eighteenth-century divine," that the secret of his fascination chiefly lay. Such duality is not uncommon—indeed, between true humour and real seriousness the connection is often close—but in his case the contrast was extreme. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi;* there never was a man who was so unlike himself, who was such a happy reconcilement of opposites, and who may so justly be said (*pace* the School authors) "to deserve grace of incongruity."

But a life of this character, in which strictly personal qualities play so large a part, affords material rather for a sketch than for a volume, for a portrait rather than a biography. For Ainger's personal friends details of his private life have an intimate and domestic interest, but they only very partially concern ordinary readers, while the publication of a large number of his letters seems unwise, and even unfair. That he was for fifteen years a close friend of Du Maurier's and often gave him suggestions for his drawings is a fact of some interest, but letters beginning "My Dear Kicky," and containing odds and ends of criticism, such as "Your sea-sick picture is very good," can have no general or lasting interest. And because Ainger in the goodness of his heart "wrote every Christmas Eve for thirty years to Mrs. Smith at Sheffield" a long, chatty letter, full of such jokes, puns, or stories as he had on hand, is it necessary to give fifteen or sixteen pages to their reproduction? Such letters in no sense give any real living impression of the man. They might have been written by scores of commonplace persons who are pickers up of anecdotes, makers of rhymes, and audacious enough to speak of a new book as "Somebody's Rumy-nuisances," or of a fashionable divine as "looking down from the pulpit with a *pew-rental* eye." But the real Alfred Ainger, the being whom every one longs to see visibly portrayed, was not commonplace but unique. He deserves something less ordinary and more ethereal than a biography. He is worthy to join the great ghosts that haunt the Temple, and to wander through its courts along with Samuel Salt and "Some Old Benchers," yes, even side by side with Elia himself. But where is the pen that shall give him immortality that is his due, by drawing him as he was? T. E. PAGE.

TEN TUDOR STATESMEN.*

This volume of historical and biographical studies is a supplement to Mr. Innes' "England under the Tudors," which has recently won the marked approval of so unrivalled an expert as Mr. Gairdner, and Mr. Innes' object is to analyse in a personal form the influence and political ideas of the representatives of the statesmanship of the Tudor epoch. With the exception of Sir Francis Walsingham, and possibly Cromwell, the selected ten—Henry VII., Wolsey, More, Cromwell, Henry VIII., Somerset, Cranmer, Burghley, Walsingham and Raleigh—are all figures whose pre-eminence and importance are undeniable, and about whom already in the biographical or essay form much has been written. Mr. Innes cannot, therefore, hope to throw a great deal of new light on their careers and achievements. I gather he has chiefly aimed not so much at new light or original research as at drawing together into a series of connected, compact and readable essays the sum of the results of a study of the Tudor epoch—by emphasising the personal contribution made by each respectively to the age. The essays practically presuppose a working knowledge of the political history; they will therefore be more helpful to a student who has mastered that political history than as an introduction to its study. And they are characterised by the qualities which the more detailed volume, "England under the Tudors," has in Mr. Gairdner's opinion so favourably illustrated—ample knowledge, careful examination of the available material, full grasp of the complicated issues, sobriety of judgment, a clear style. At the outset Mr. Innes emphasises "two curious points" in his Preface, as illustrating "the distance at which we stand from the Tudors to-day." "Not one of the eight

* "Ten Tudor Statesmen." By A. D. Innes. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

ministers dealt with," he says, "was actually of noble birth, two were not even of gentle birth"; "four perished on the scaffold and one at the stake, a sixth was in custody under accusation of treason when death released him." A third equally curious point might have been added. Of the ten selected two—and no one will quarrel with the selection—are sovereigns, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and I confess to considerable difficulty in understanding why Mr. Innes has excluded a third equally important—Elizabeth. It can hardly be because Elizabeth does not adequately represent Tudor statesmanship, or is not "an interesting dramatic figure," or "did not exercise an effective influence on the course of politics." Judged by any or all of these tests her right to be included is demonstrably superior to seven or eight of those discussed. Is it then because she is a woman and the ten are all men? If so, is not the reason doubly inadequate? If the difference in sex has been converted into a historically misleading disability it has robbed Mr. Innes of an effective opportunity to do two things—to write a character study of the queen centring round the woman, and to draw a series of valuable conclusions, of which Elizabeth might have been the picturesque example, as to the precise share that women could and did play between 1485 and 1603. Do not the careers of Burghley, Walsingham and Raleigh really fail to convey their message when those careers have not been carefully correlated to the personality and career of their sovereign? Quite recently in his "Governance of England" Mr. Low has argued the thesis that the successful introduction of what Professor Sidgwick called the Victorian polity was largely due to the presence of a woman not a man upon the throne of Great Britain. Whether that thesis is sound cannot be examined here, but a similar problem occurs in the sixteenth century. How far was the success of Tudor statesmanship in the latter half of the sixteenth century due to the occupation of the English throne by a woman, not by a man? In any case the study of the problem would provide some very interesting material precisely in the subject-matter that Mr. Innes has selected for analysis, and Mr. Innes would probably agree that an opportunity both for broad, bravura strokes and the delicate nuances of light and shade could not be more effectively provided than in a comparative study as regards character, ideas and results of father and daughter, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, who together sum up better than any other two the course of Tudor statesmanship. It is regrettable that Mr. Innes has denied himself the task. Creighton, Gairdner, Froude, and Mr. Pollard, Mr. Martin Hume, and Mr. Sidney Lee provide ample material for comparing Mr. Innes' results for nine of his figures with their own. Walsingham alone, so far, has gone without an adequate biographer, and I could have wished that Mr. Innes had disregarded proportion and gone more fully into the most interesting statesman and most baffling personality of Elizabeth's reign. No doubt when the Elizabethan State Papers, Foreign and Domestic, have been completely calendared, we shall have the data for accurately measuring the greatness of Walsingham. But as with Drake, thanks to Mr. Corbett and Professor Laughton, the more we know about him the more highly we are compelled to think of him, so with Walsingham. It may well be that he will come to occupy a place above that of Burghley, but till all the material has been examined historical students need all the help they can to do justice to the relentless worker who, compared with his mistress who let him die in poverty, or his powerful friend Burghley, who founded a great house, was, like Oliver Cromwell, a practical mystic, a representative of the new and spacious England, to whom the cause of his queen and his country was an ideal because the future of both was bound up with the realisation of imperishable truths, because politics were religion and religion was politics. Cannot Mr. Innes be persuaded to become the biographer of Sir Francis Walsingham?

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

AFTER-DINNER ESSAYS.*

I suppose nobody can have done much in the way of dining out at the literary clubs of London during the last decade or so without meeting Mr. L. F. Austin now and then, and occasionally hearing him speak. He was, as Mr. Clarence Rook puts it in his admirably concise and sympathetic prefatory note, "a Londoner of the West End, the theatres, the clubs, the restaurants, the dinner parties"; he had "gradually developed the ready wit that sets the table in a roar, and for years he was acknowledged as one of the best after-dinner speakers in London." And what his speeches were in the oratorical world his essays are in literature; they are for the smoke-room more than for the study, for the newspaper column more than for the volume, for the next-door neighbour rather than for posterity.

Which is not saying a word in their dispraise, for this is precisely what Mr. Austin intended them to be. "They are journalism, prompted by the impulse and inspiration of the moment," to quote Mr. Clarence Rook again; "but they are journalism at its best—the suggestive comment of a sane and humorous man on the day's happening." It were not difficult to undervalue work of this sort; the pedantic mind does so invariably. It makes easy reading, but it is not such easy writing as the wiseacres who talk slightingly of it appear to suggest. The fact is that, whereas any ordinarily educated and intelligent person can sit down to study what has already been said on a given subject of more or less importance, then collate the diverse opinions of others into an imposing and apparently valuable dissertation of his own, and so be taken seriously as a literary man, the writing of the flippantly humorous or urbanely ironical essay on matters of the hour, on the latest development of current opinion, the latest phase of contemporary life, presupposes in the essayist an acquaintance with mankind, and certain qualities of original observation and personality that cannot be acquired by the mere study of other men's books. Within his limits, and he was wiser than most for he knew what they were, Austin had a true vein of original humour and an individual outlook that give to this collection of his miscellaneous writings a vitality and a charm that keep them living beyond the day for which they were written. His style is fitted to his subjects with an art that may be natural and unconscious, but is none the less effective. There is no dressing of daws in peacocks' feathers, no making the little fishes talk like whales; light topics are handled lightly, matters of common gossip, familiar considerations of everyday existence, are treated very much as Mr. Austin would have talked of them, in the free and easy conversational fashion of his after-dinner speeches. Hazlitt, you may remember, was often accused of using vulgarisms and bad English because, as he said, he was guilty of "the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions," and he unrepentantly declared that, as an author, he preferred to employ popular forms of phrase, just as if he were a tradesman he would adopt no other than the common weights and measures; which is precisely what Mr. Austin has done; whatever faults he may have, affectation is not one of them, for better or for worse he talks unaffectedly with his pen and simply utters himself.

The opening essay on "Sir Henry Irving" differs from the rest in that it is more serious; it is a brief review of Irving's career on the stage, and a critical consideration of his art, which is especially valuable for its personal recollections of the later years when Austin was Irving's secretary, as well as of those early days "when we also were young, when this actor was carving his way to fame, and when we clamoured our best to help him." Like all the essays, it is full of good things, and like many of them it effervesces with capital anecdotes. There is one of Tennyson and Mr. George Meredith. They were out walking together "and the bard was very silent and gloomy. They walked several miles, and suddenly Tennyson growled, 'Apollodorus says I am not a great poet.' This critic was a Scotch divine, and neither his name nor his opinion was of much consequence. Mr. Meredith said something to that effect; and Tennyson retorted, 'But he ought not to have said I am not a great poet.' That was the entire conversation."

Naturally, since their author's aim was but to discourse entertainingly of the lesser things that interest the greater number of us, several of the essays play, with a flippant humour, round the pleasures of the table; "In Praise of Wine," and "In Praise of Food" have a lively, sparkling wit, and a brisk newness of thought that may be trivial but is undeniably delightful; and though he returns to kindred themes in "Meat and Drink," in "Cheap Food," and in "The Art and Glory of Eating," he writes each time with

* "Points of View." By L. F Austin. 6s. (Lane.)

such felicity and freshness as if he had never trifled with similar speculations before—there is never any serving up of cold meats or of drink that has staled. In "The After-Dinner Speech" you get intimate glimpses of Austin himself, and in disclosing his recipe for making a successful after-dinner speaker he practically reveals the secret of how to become also a successful after-dinner essayist. "What is the art of after-dinner speaking? I should say, in the first place, that it is the art of pleasing," he writes. "Remember that for about ten or fifteen minutes you have to tickle the fancy of people who have dined. You are a showman—a cut or two, maybe, above the gentleman who entertains the company with a 'humorous sketch,' and who is sometimes rather a dangerous rival, by the way; still, you are a showman. You must calculate your effects with the utmost nicety, and make them with such a spontaneous air that although nobody really supposes them to be improvised, you can sometimes create the illusion that they are."

The chief charm of this varied collection of papers is that they have the unfailing quality of surprise, the quiet underplay of witty or wryly jocose comment and allusion that Mr. Austin stipulates as essential to the perfect after-dinner speech. You turn to "Motor Cars and Nervous Systems," to "Bridge," to "The Holiday Mood," to "Country Life," "Men and Modes," "The Income Tax," or to some other ordinary topic that everybody is or has been talking about, and you are tickled by some airy, new view of it, find some laughing sidelight thrown upon it, something quaintly shrewd or amusing written about it that none of all the talkers had been lucky enough to say.

That is the book's most indubitable merit; it may not go far, but all the way it goes it is wholly its author's own, and no laborious and pretentious patchwork of other men's theories and opinions; its sympathies and seriousness are masked in humour, it tricks out its wisdom, its wide knowledge of men and things in dainty and attractive fripperies, but the sympathy, the knowledge and the wisdom are there, and it is this that gives to the essays so much more than their surface-value—this, and the subtle magic of a whimsically gracious and very winning personality that breathes from every page of them. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Buck Whaley.

(Reproduced from "Buck Whaley's Memoirs," by kind permission of the De La More Press.)

FROM WHALEY TO D'ORSAY.*

"A little sober reflection has convinced me how much I was deceived in believing that a life of dissipation could produce enjoyment, or that tumultuous pleasure led to real happiness," "Buck" Whaley remarks at the beginning of his recently-discovered "Memoirs," and a perusal of his autobiography shows that he could speak with authority, for it is difficult to conceive a more useless, dissipated, and mis-spent life. The heir to a great fortune, encouraged, indeed abetted, by a dissolute and complaisant tutor in the indulgence of his passions, he was at a very early age a gambler and a debauchee; and he devoted himself with great zest to the twin pursuits of cards and gallantry until his last pound was spent. Sympathy for his lot in his later years—he died at the age of thirty-four—was not deserved, for his prodigality was such that he deliberately gamed with men who had been pointed out to him as swindlers, and allowed himself to be fleeced by adventuresses, with whose character he was well acquainted: the only creditable deed in his life was when he risked it by raising his hat to Louis XVI. (disguised in the index of this volume as "Lewis the Sixteenth"), when that unhappy monarch was driven through the streets at the time of the Revolution. Whaley has come down to posterity solely on the strength of a journey from London to Jerusalem in 1788. He had conceived the project — startling enough in those days—of a voyage round the world, and, denying himself nothing, had at once entered into treaty for a vessel. "This affair settled I returned to Dublin, where, being one day at dinner with some people of fashion at the Duke of Leinster's, the conversation turned upon my intended voyage, when one of the company asked me to what part of the world I meant to direct my course first, to which I answered, without hesitation, 'to Jerusalem.' This was considered by the company as a mere jest; and so, in fact, it was; but the subject still continuing, some observed that there was no such place at present existing; and others that, if it did exist, I should not be able to find it. This was touching me in the tender point; the difficulty of an undertaking always stimulated me to the attempt. I instantly offered to bet any sum that I would go to Jerusalem and return to Dublin within two years of my departure. I accepted without hesitation all the wagers that were offered to me, and in a few days the sum I had depending on this curious expedition exceeded twelve thousand pounds." He won the wager, and netted seven thousand pounds profit, after deducting his expenses—"the only instance in all my life in which any of my projects turned out to my advantage."

Whaley was a dandy, and he forced recognition by his eccentricities, as Lord Petersham did with his winter snuff-boxes and his summer snuff-boxes; but he must not on that account be taken as a typical specimen of the best of his kind, for the great dandies had something more than eccentric habits to support their leadership of society. "Had Brummell," writes a great authority quoted by Lord Lamington (himself better known to most as that Baillie-Cochrane of the New England party who has been immortalised by Disraeli as Sir Charles Buckhurst in

*"Buck Whaley's Memoirs." Including his Journey to Jerusalem. Written by Himself in 1797, and now first published from the recently discovered manuscript. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. 21s. net. (De la More Press.)

"In the Days of the Dandies." By Alexander, Lord Lamington. Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

"Coningsby")—"Had Brummell been nothing better than an elegant automaton, he would never have acquired the influence that he decidedly obtained; he would not have enjoyed the society of clever men; neither would they have thought it worth their while to bestow a word on him, even in their moments of relaxation. But the reverse was the case. His acquaintance was not limited to men of fashion only—it comprised a great portion of the most intellectual men of the time; and at what period of our history was there such a constellation of genius?" Brummell, of course, had great qualities. He was a man of the world, with instinctive knowledge of his fellow-creatures, a great gift of tact, and an alert and brilliant wit that found its *métier* in a deliberate affectation. "I did my best for the lad," he remarked of someone he had been asked to introduce to the great world of fashion. "I gave him my arm from White's to Boodle's." "For your son to dress, ma'am," he answered an anxious mother, "he will require to spend on clothes eight hundred a year." Brummell was satirical on these and other occasions, but, curiously enough, his friends seem to have taken him literally, which was an undesigned compliment to one who, in an age when all posed, was the master *poseur*. Brummell, although a poor man of no rank, held his own with the wealthiest and noblest until he was attracted by the allurements of gambling, which proved fatal to him as to some others in that day. When he had to fly from his creditors, an intimate said to Alvanley that it was a pity the *beau* had acted so precipitately, as otherwise his affairs might have been arranged. "No, it was Solomon's judgment," said the witty peer, alluding to the then well-known money-lender.

After Brummell's flight the leadership of fashion was, as it were, put in commission, until Count D'Orsay came upon the scene and eclipsed the rest. "Count D'Orsay was a brilliant leader of the dandy class—strikingly handsome, of a splendid *physique*, a commanding appearance, an admirable horseman of the *haute école*," says Lord Lamington. "When he appeared in the perfection of dress (for the tailor's art had not died out with George IV.), with that expression of self-confidence and self-complacency which the sense of superiority gives, he was the observed of all. Add to this his real accomplishments—a sculptor, an excellent artist, and the possessor of a happy faculty of seizing the expression and drawing an admirable likeness in a remarkably short time." D'Orsay undoubtedly introduced a note of culture into the circle of the exquisites that was wanting before his time, but his taste in clothes was rather more "loud" than that of his famous predecessor, who had carefully eschewed the noticeable. "I have frequently ridden down to Richmond with Count D'Orsay. A striking figure he was in his blue coat with gilt buttons, thrown well back to show the wide expanse of snowy shirt-front and buff waistcoat; his light leathers and polished boots; his well-curled whiskers and handsome countenance; a wide-brimmed, glossy hat, spotless white gloves." He was then regarded the very *beau-ideal* of a leader of fashion, and the passers-by paid homage, by their obvious admiration, to his magnificence.

The times have indeed changed since D'Orsay was a power in the land, and the inner circle of society did not exceed six hundred persons. To-day men devote little thought to dress, and, whereas once it was regarded as desirable, and in the case of a *beau* essential, to attract attention by externals, it is now held that the best-dressed folk are those whose costume passes unnoticed. The dandy has gone, never to return, and with him has gone the extravagant indulgence of those habits that inevitably, sooner or later, spelt ruin to those who practised them. Extravagance has ceased to be fashionable. To sit down at the card-table to win or lose a fortune is thought foolish, even criminal; and though there are still persons of weak intellect who provide the lower-class journals with paragraphs by giving "freak" dinners at forty pounds a head, or commit other absurdities of a similar nature, no man of sound mind is distressed when he hears, in after years, that the organisers of these disgraceful functions have died in the workhouse. It is no longer regarded "the thing" to beggar oneself in purse or in health; and an ostentatious display of wealth is regarded as bad form. To-day the man who swears lustily without serious provocation is regarded with amazement, and the heavy tippler is looked at askance.

"We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation," said Thackeray; "and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day." Let us be grateful that we can endorse these sentiments.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE SAINT.*

There are at least two distinct considerations which we ought to have clearly in mind if we are to appreciate the importance and at the same time allow for the atmosphere of such a book as this. We all make mistakes about people of a different nationality; if we did not there would be no such thing as nationality. We all make mistakes about men of a different religion; if we did not there would be no such thing as religion. But there are some mistakes which are deadly; and there are some which are not. I have heard of a writer who suggested that "hors d'œuvre" was the French for "out of work." It does not in the least matter whether a man thinks that "*hors d'œuvre*" means "out of work," because "*hors d'œuvre*" really means (both verbally and actually) something quite unimportant. But it does matter very much if a man thinks that the word *gentil-homme* is the French for the word gentleman. If he thinks that he will misunderstand not only France but England too. While therefore it is quite certain that we must, from the nature of the case, make some mistakes in estimating an Italian picture of Roman Catholicism, there are some mistakes which we need not make and which we can guard against at the beginning. There are, as I have said, at least two of these preliminary understandings necessary in the case of a book so important as "The Saint."

First we must realise this: that in judging anything concerned with Catholicism, we are dealing with an enormous and miscellaneous civilisation, very old, very varied—certainly much more varied than the British Empire, probably much more varied even than the Roman Empire. As the author of the introduction to "The Saint" suggestively says of the work in question, "the Jesuits have had it put on the Index; the Christian Democrats have accepted it as their gospel: yet Jesuits and Christian Democrats both profess to be Catholics." We in England do not realise this Catholic differentiation in philosophy; because we in England have almost entirely lost all interest in philosophy. But we have not lost our interest (for instance) in pictorial art; we still retain a real tradition from Ruskin and Walter Pater on that point. And in pictorial art we do realise this differentiation in Catholicism. Ruskin has taught us to believe that nothing could be more distinct from another thing than is the happy timidity of Giotto and the early draughtsman from the desolate violence of Michael Angelo. Yet Giotto and Michael Angelo were both Catholics, were both devout Catholics. Ruskin has taught us to take as opposites the strict lines of Gothic drawing, as in Cimabue, and the opulence of Venice as expressed in Titian. But Cimabue and Titian were both Catholics. The first and chief kind of good which a book like "The Saint" may do is to induce us to realise that there is and has always been in Catholicism a degree of intellectual variety similar to its artistic variety. The author of the book, Antonio Fogazzaro, is described as one of the most convinced and prominent of the Catholic laymen of Italy; and he is engaged, like his hero in the book, in a living philosophical struggle with other Catholics. This is the first thing to be borne in mind in estimating the book, both by way of asserting and moderating its importance. Catholicism has many strands, and this is only one of them.

The second thing which has to be remembered is somewhat more difficult to state. There are many strands in Catholicism; this is one of them; and it happens to be the one which it is dangerously easy for us who are English to understand. We in England always think of Catholicism as Italian; as much more Italian, I fancy, than it really is. The reason that we do so is that our happy-go-lucky and highly poetical English nature finds much that is akin to us in Italian romance and Italian casualness; we feel much more at home in Italy than we do, for instance, amid the elaborate science of Germany or under the sharp regimentation and rigid equality of the French. We do not mind Italy, where bureaucracy is done badly; but we cannot stand

* "The Saint." By Antonio Fogazzaro. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

France or Prussia, where it is done well. In view of some of the talk about race, it may seem a paradox to say that the English are like the Italians; but it is true; and it only shows what a great deal of sense there is in paradox and what a great deal of nonsense there is in race. Englishmen and Italians are united against Frenchmen and Germans in the great and sublime cause of doing as one likes. In both countries the only real trouble is a sporadic and disorderly local development, one place having this sentiment or privilege, another place having that. The only fault of the kingdom of Italy is that there is no kingdom of Italy. The only fault of the United Kingdom is that it is not a united kingdom. And of this lounging and liberty in both countries one result is dreaminess, mysticism, a love of strange symbols. It is all expressed in one man who was a link between the two nations, a man who would never have been quite understood in any other two nations, an English Italian, an Italian Englishman—Rossetti.

This, then, is the second thing to remember about "The Saint." It marks a sort of Catholicism to which we English are more perilously prone: that of sentiment, colours, and perfumes, an atmosphere, an emotion. This goes along with liberty, for one can feel when one is too free and easy to think. The old Liberal idea of a sympathy between the love of liberty in England and the love of liberty in Italy was not a maudlin mistake: it was sound sense, like most of the old ideas of Liberals, especially before they began to listen to unscientific rubbish about Teutons and Latins. But this affinity may be almost misleading. An Englishman reading "The Saint" will be constantly reminded of the drifting and dreamy, and yet noble religious sentiment of England—especially of the cultured Nonconformist. But it would be a mistake to call this Catholicism: it is Italy. He will feel near to Italy, as were all very robust Englishmen. Chaucer was near to Italy. Browning was near to Italy.

The story of Benedetto, the "Saint," which is told in this dreamy and sympathetic and very Italian tale, is typical of both these truths. It is the story of a revolt in the very heart of Catholicism, a revolt conducted by earnest Catholics. Such a rebellion may sound stranger than it really is to Englishmen who have formed a quite exaggerated impression of the coercion and cohesion of Catholicism; but such rebellions have not only been frequent, they have been almost continuous, ever since Catholics were Catholics. They have also one marked trait, which is also to be found in the struggle and sentiment of Benedetto. I mean that "The Saint," though regarded by some as almost a heretic, really is a "saint": rather too much of a saint; too austere, too ethereal, too watchful of himself. This has always been so. The Catholics who rebelled against Catholic discipline have scarcely ever been the lax Catholics. Those who rebelled against the discipline were always the severe Catholics. It was always the too lax authority against the too harsh individual; the almost epicurean Pope against the almost Puritan Savonarola. And where the central authority at Rome has suppressed particular developments of religion in Italy, it has sometimes been an act of brutal cynicism and sometimes an act of human common sense; but it has always been on the side of the reasonable as against the enthusiastic. The enthusiasm all comes from below. Catholicism is an hierarchic policy, but it is a popular religion.

Benedetto has also the other trait, the trait of sentiment: it is here that he is most interesting, and yet in a manner it is here that he is most weak. His attack on the routine of his religion is rather a thing of the emotions than of the intellect. There is a good argumentative case for discipline always: it is only our feelings that can tell us when it has gone too far. Nevertheless, this gives the book a quality that can only be called inconclusive; with all its poetry and delicacy: we have clouds around us at the end. If the author has any ultimate quarrel with Rome (which he would probably deny), it is not because Rome is mystical or sacramental, or supernatural or ascetic, but because Rome is appallingly logical. Yes, appallingly scientific.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Novel Notes.

MRS. GRUNDY'S CRUCIFIX. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Could Mrs. Gilpin have invited "Mrs." Ansley Wybourne and Harry Albemarle to her house, after all that had happened, on a thin pretence of celebrating the birthday of Harry's cousin (who is not to be present, and who is in no way related to herself), but really with the object of disgracing the persecuted Ansley by dramatically confronting her with her child? You may have doubts on minor points, such as this, but there can be no doubt whatever of the consummate skill, the effectiveness of the alternating humour and pathos with which Mr. Vincent Brown has presented this tragi-comedy of life in a country district that is agitated by the "pigmy spites of the village spire"; nor of the truth and mordaunt irony which has given us in Mrs. Gilpin a very embodiment of our national Mrs. Grundy. Ansley is a pure-souled woman, with one great mistake in her past of which she has sincerely repented. "I have been in the presence of people whose robe of righteousness has been so bright it has seemed to dazzle my eyes and make me hold my breath; but I have known there were spots on that robe, though I could not see them, and dared not look for them," says Walter Ingram, before he is fully conscious that he loves the girl who is engaged to his cousin. "All of us have some dark secret, and the higher we rise the less trouble we take to conceal it; and the saints, I suppose, would wear it openly on their brows did they not fear it would be an offence to the weaker brother and sister." Ansley has this secret, this spot on her robe of righteousness, and the story is of how most of the countryside, headed by Mrs. Gilpin, came to suspect and ostracise her; Mrs. Gilpin has private enquiries made, then draws the kindly Lady Shernfold to league with her in degrading Ansley and breaking off the engagement betwixt her and Lady Shernfold's nephew, and in the moment of their triumph they find they have only won a victory for Ansley herself. There is something of greatness in the idea and the manner of it all; it is one of the few novels of the year that will not be forgotten after the year is over.

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY. By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (Murray.)

On the title-page of his new novel, Mr. Neuman acknowledges the authorship of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick," a book that raised much of the dust of interest and criticism last year. That book, which rightly won great praise for its then anonymous author, was a fine study of a business nature, obviously done from the life. This new book takes an artistic nature for its subject, the life of a successful novelist who was a really great man. It is unfortunate that while the lives of business men are secret unrecognisable things, the biographies of nearly all great men of letters are at least as well known as their books. For, in reading Mr. Neuman's account of "John Champlain," one recognises Balzac in every detail, and begins before the end of the book to be unable to regard it as other than an imaginative paraphrase of his life. But, being a novel it is a privileged paraphrase, and bridges plausibly and very possibly correctly many of the gaps in our knowledge of the real man. Mr. Neuman has given us an English Balzac, the topography of whose adventure grows steadily nearer to that of the Frenchman's extraordinary life, as the book proceeds. We think that from Mr. Neuman's point of view this is a pity. The book is too like a biography to be considered apart from its original. John Champlain is so near to the popular idea of Balzac, that the substitution of names is an annoyance rather than a mystery. It is exasperating to feel that we have to read a novel, that is a fine thing in itself, as a mere commentary on the life of a great writer. Mr. Neuman has felt the epic size of his subject. His is not the biography of one literary man but of all. It is a good book conceived austerely, and built with stern rejection of ornament, as far from the common novels of the day as a statue from a lot of waxworks. It is a book that we are proud to have seen written, sorry only, for the author's sake, that he has sacrificed himself at the feet of another writer, even though that other man may be the greatest of the great French novelists of the nineteenth century.

THE MANTLE OF THE EMPEROR. By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd. 6s. (Griffiths.)

To the student of human character Napoleon III. presents a personality more fascinating in many ways than is that of the first and greater Napoleon. He was weak, vacillating, inconsistent, on the whole, a failure, and the man who errs and fails is nearly always more interesting than the man who succeeds. In this story, or series of stories, Richard Blennerhasset, an Irish soldier of fortune and a devoted follower of the luckless Prince Louis, tells with unflagging spirit and humour of the intrigues and perilous adventures in which that following involved him. Perhaps the most striking chapters in the book are the third, a brilliantly written relation of "The Incident of the Weak-faced Young Man," and the last, which gives a thrillingly dramatic account of the escape of Blennerhasset and Louis from the fortress of Ham, two years before Louis became President of the second Republic, "with his foot on the first step of the Imperial throne." The bafflingly complex character of Napoleon, its courage, its chivalry, and the curious touches of femininity that were at once the secret of his charm and of his failure, is realised and presented with insight and ability. The book has a certain distinction of style, and holds one no less by its human interest than by the variety and rush of its incidents, and the gusto with which they are told. It is admirably illustrated by Mr. Paul Henry.

COUNT BUNKER. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The sprightly author who wrote "The Adventures of M. D'Haricot," and "The Lunatic at Large," both of which had deserved and marked success, gives in "Count Bunker" what he describes as a "bald yet veracious Chronicle, containing some further particulars of two Gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled 'The Lunatic at Large.'" We would not for a moment dream of questioning the "veracity" of the lively, laughable tale, but we decline to accept the adjective "bald." "Count Bunker" is far from bald: and its Gallic levity is aided and made more effective by the neat little pieces of decorative work. We have included the book with novels; but it is scarcely a novel—rather is it an exhilarating farce, in which there is no attempt whatsoever to give any picture of real life. Mr. Clouston has the airiest of airy touches, and his methods suit his cheerful extravaganza. The leading characters are the two men, Baron Rudolph von Blitzenberg, attaché to the German Embassy at the Court of St. James—a boisterous, simple, married man, with an unbounded affection for the fair sex—and Mr. Essington, a man of the world, called by the Baron "Count Bunker," whose outlook is thus summarised by himself in a toast: "To a creed even merrier than Socialism, more convivial than Total Abstinence, and more perfectly designed for human needs than Esperanto—the gospel of 'Cheer up!'" Bunker's acquaintances include a brainless, monocled, Scotch peer, one Tulliwuddle, who is well-known at West-end stage-doors, and whose signature on a cheque is seldom seen by tailors or other reputable toilers. Tulliwuddle, in order to replenish his bank-balance and enable him to live in style at his "Scotch place," Hechnahoul, is anxious to marry an American beauty and heiress, then in residence near his castle, but he doubts that he himself is not sufficiently imposing in appearance to take the lady's heart, and that intellectually he lacks a good deal. "Bonker" to the rescue! He agrees to impersonate Tulliwuddle and to engineer the courtship, certain that later he can persuade the heiress to marry the real peer. Blitzenberg is delighted, and in delight he goes to Scotland with the irrepressible "Bonker." But in the train "Bonker" expounds his plan, which is that Blitzenberg, not he, shall play the part of the amorous peer. Blitzenberg agrees. Dire and comic complications follow, and chapter by chapter the fun grows faster and more furious. There are encounters with fierce pipers who play tunes, midnight meetings with the family Wraith; there are Gaelic slogans to be learned by Blitzenberg from phonetic instructions kindly provided by the Count; and there is the siege of the daughter of Mr. Darius P. Maddison, the millionaire. Mr. Clouston's touch is light but sure, and he never allows his farce to "ground." It is with surprise that one fails to find any intimation that the stage rights are reserved, because "Count Bunker," adequately dramatised, would make one of the funniest farces that the country has seen for many years.

The Bookman's Table.

THE STORY AND SONG OF BLACK RODERICK. By Dora Sigerson. 3s. 6d. net. (Moring.)

Alike in the conception and in the writing of it "Black Roderick" has all the beauty and simplicity of a mediæval legend. In alternations of prose and verse the story is told "of his pride and his humbling; of the bitterness of his heart, and of the love that came to it at last; of his threatened destruction, and the strange and wonderful way of his salvation." He rides to the castle of a neighbour knight with whom he has long been at feud, and, that there may be peace between them, marries his old enemy's daughter. But he has no love for the little bride he takes back home with him; "she was divorced from his heart, and was naught to his days." Loving him with all her heart, she pines under his sullen neglect, but it is not till she is dead, and her timorous wraith leads him to where her body lies, that he shakes off the black humour that had possessed him and realises that he loves her. In heaven the little bride is not happy, and, at length, hearing the man she loves cry out to her in anguish, as he lies on his death-bed, she pleads that she may go to him and be with him in his destruction. Thereafter, she serves the lord of hell for seven years that she may win Roderick's soul back from him as her guerdon. The whole story is exquisitely and vividly imagined; it is written, both the prose and verse of it, with a poignant sense of pathos, a real feeling for the right nuances of expression, and a freshness and delicacy of art that are rare in modern poetry.

"NO MAN'S LAND." By Sir Martin Conway. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

There are people, says Sir Martin in the Preface, who have not the time or inclination to make a close acquaintance with the whole book. It has no connected story to unfold, but from the time of Barents, the Dutchman, down to the escapades of Horatio Nelson, midshipman, it gives us story after story of the navigators and adventurers upon these lonely shores. It is a most exhaustive book—Sir Martin is the faithful spirit of the land. Everyone who touches there, everything that ever happened there is known to him. He is fascinating in spite of himself, for he sets out to be scientific, and while succeeding thoroughly in this he is also most romantic. The Dutch, the Russians, the British, the Scandinavians, are not the only people who from time to time invade these solitudes in search of whales, or the North Pole, or adventures, or coal. Even the Basques have been there, and among the men of whom we get glimpses are Starashchin (who spent thirty-nine winters on the island, and was a lively, ruddy little man who died of old age); Bommel, who slided down a glacier double the height of the west tower of Amsterdam, and sat at the foot of it calling, "Here I am, here I am"; the Hon. Daines Barrington, who, a hundred years ago, persuaded the authorities to send two ships but did not want to sail himself. The book is furnished with various illustrations, from Dutch and other sources. One of the most moving is that which represents the Russian huts in Keilhan Bay. This is, indeed, "annihilation's waste." The establishment was last inhabited about 1850, when it is said that all the hunters died of scurvy. "We likewise," says Lamont in 1858, "found a curious implement, like a miniature wooden rake, the use of which was a complete enigma to me, until our pilot explained that such contrivances were commonly used by the Russians when they suffered from entomological annoyances."

IN YOUTH. By Ennis Richmond. 2s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

This is a collection of papers that were for the most part read before the Parents' National Education Union, an association "of mothers and fathers, and others interested in the upbringing of children." They deal with such matters as the relations between parents and their children; discipline; punishment; the truthfulness of children, and the part that imagination plays in the lives of most of them. Of course it is impossble for anyone to lay down definite rules for the training of other people's children; there are as many varieties of boys and girls as there are of flowers, and as many different ways in which they may best be reared and

developed; there is no one right way that may be commonly recommended as suited to them all. Nevertheless, there are certain broad, general principles of education and moral training to which all types of children are amenable, and these Mrs. Richmond discusses with a thoughtfulness and a practical common-sense that will make her book a suggestive and valuable guide in the hands of parents and guardians, or of any who have the care of children and are anxious to arrive at an understanding of them, and of the elemental qualities that make up so large a part of their characters.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Only so recently as March of this year the first meeting took place of the Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways. The existence of the Commission is due to an agitation of some years' standing, for the resuscitation of the British canals and their acquisition by the State or by municipalities. Specially valuable and opportune, therefore, is Mr. Edwin A. Pratt's careful and lucid discussion of the entire question in **British Canals** (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Pratt is well known as a skilful writer on railway reform, and this little book is a model of accurate information and clear exposition. By treating the subject historically, he has no difficulty in showing the hollowness of the outcry for a revival of canals. Railways were instituted as a protest against exorbitant water-way rates, just as canals are now being called for in the hope of lowering railway rates. As Mr. Pratt shrewdly remarks, many traders who could not possibly use canals are supporting their revival merely from the hope that they may secure better terms from the railways. The argument from analogies of continental canals Mr. Pratt shows to be entirely valueless, so wholly different are all the conditions, geographical and economic. Mr. Pratt's conclusion is that the real solution of the difficulty is not in the revival of canals, but in the lowering of the railways' contribution to local rates, so as to enable them to lower their freight charges. Lovers of the picturesque may hanker after canals, but we imagine that most readers of Mr. Pratt's very able and well-considered monograph will be satisfied that the idea of reviving British canals is at once quixotic and impractical.

"His pages are not history, but a political romance by a philosopher with a hero and a fad." This is the description of the Irish section of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," given by Sir Robert Anderson in **Side-Lights on the Home Rule Movement** (9s. net). The author writes with the authority of his experience behind the scenes as head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and his pages are full of curious and interesting details of the Secret Service. Sir Robert Anderson, an Irishman himself, is an uncompromising critic of Home Rule, and, in his opinion, if reason were always supreme in things political, Mr. Morley's memoir would suffice to give the idea its death-blow. A considerable portion of the book is concerned with the Parnell Commission, from which the author was, to his surprise and indignation, excluded as a witness.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

The Shandean method of biography, though not usually adopted, is not without obvious philosophical justification. It is used with good results by Mr. A. M. Broadley in his memoir of the first eighteen years of the life of King Edward, **The Boyhood of a Great King** (10s. 6d. net), whose birth is not chronicled until we come to the ninetieth page. This fact is indicative of Mr. Broadley's pleasantly discursive manner throughout. The story of the King's early life is familiar matter enough, but it is retold here with freshness and great enthusiasm, and Mr. Broadley has been at considerable pains to enliven his narrative with extracts from *Punch* and other contemporary journals. The result is a very entertaining volume, which contains much that is not available in any other single book. The illustrations, some forty in number, are of quite unusual interest and variety, comprising numerous drawings by Queen Victoria and by King Edward himself, besides many excellent reproductions of contemporary caricatures.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

To their many excellent series of illustrated handbooks on art, Messrs. Black have determined to add one on architecture, under the general title of "Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them." This is an admirable project, sure to bring delight to innumerable tourists, whose pleasure in a beautiful cathedral is marred by the recognition of their ignorance of the necessary elements of architectural knowledge. The series opens very promisingly with a volume on **Gothic Architecture** (3s. 6d. net), by Miss E. A. Browne, who appears to have gauged with great skill the requirements we have indicated. In five simply-worded prefatory essays she gives the reader the irreducible minimum of knowledge necessary for real appreciation of the beauty of Gothic architecture. This is followed by nearly fifty excellent full-page illustrations of the finest examples of the style, each illustration being faced by explanatory notes, historical, architectural, and literary. We have nothing but praise for a book which is beautifully produced, and which fulfils its aim with taste and knowledge and judgment.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

A more remarkable family history it would surely be hard to find than that told by Mr. H. Noel Williams in **Five Fair Sisters** (16s. net). The five were the daughters of a Roman baron, Lorenzo Mancini, and were summoned in turn to the Court of Louis XIV. to help their uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, to retain his political and social ascendancy. The Cardinal proved an adroit and successful matchmaker, and the fair five became Duchesse de Mazarin, Duchess de Mercœur, Principessa de Palliano, Duchesse de Bouillon, and Comtesse de Soissons. With one of the five, Mazarin's genius for diplomacy was taxed to the utmost, for the boy king fell in love with the future Principessa, and wished to raise her to the throne. The story of Marie Mancini is a pitiful one of thwarted love, and all the evidence goes to show that Louis entertained for her the only true and chivalrous passion of his life. Her subsequent married life was one of great unhappiness and eccentricity, but was less eventful than that of her elder sister, Hortense, who married the mad Duc de Mazarin. This perverse beauty in due time found refuge at the Court of Charles II., and figures in one of the best-known pages of Evelyn's Diary. Mr. Williams has made excellent use of his materials, and his book is one of extraordinary interest. The five separate records are skilfully woven together into a narrative, which provides a valuable picture of the Court of Louis.

Allen Raine has a large public always ready to read her novels, her work in the past has had a "record sale," and she has made more people acquainted with Wales than any holiday season of cheap excursions could accomplish. Her new novel, **Queen of the Rushes** (6s.), will probably prove to be yet a new delight to her admirers. It is a wholesome story of sentiment, fervour, just sufficient dialect to give it verisimilitude, and a glossary to aid such of us as were fated to be born outside the Principality. It is a story, too, of rural love and some tragedy; of a boy left fatherless to farm his own land at the age of sixteen, and of a girl who was stricken dumb in childhood by the sight of her mother drowned before her eyes when returning from the reaping. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, comes into the story, and his influence is shown on the emotional nature of the people.

E. GRANT RICHARDS.

There is always room for the anthology which is well done, and in **Traveller's Joy**, by Mr. W. G. Waters (4s. net), we find not only a pot-pourri of well-known and fadeless flowers of poetry, but one in which, to continue the metaphor, many less-known blossoms reveal their beauty and add their fragrance. The title alone of this little volume is enough to hearten the ordinary plodder through life, to shed glamour over his nearer views, and erect hope as a sign-post beside the way. The book is divided into the four seasons of the year, and of the traveller's life. Spring for youth, summer for manhood, autumn for maturity, winter for decline; and it is notable for its selection of beautiful modern poetry and prose, as well as for the favourites among the classics. "Traveller's Joy" is a pretty book, too, produced with the tasteful simplicity which marked the earliest volume of the kind—Mr. Lucas's "Open Road," with which Mr. Grant Richards started the fashion.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Some clever delineation of character is presented by Caroline Grosvenor in **The Bands of Orion** (6s.). It is a story of the deep love between a young widow who had never really known love before, and a man whose whole nature is that of the restless wanderer. Clare Stafford, broad-minded, large-hearted, tender, and intensely loving, would be generous, too, and leave Arthur Dering his freedom to come and go, to travel and return at his will. But this love never comes to a marriage; the least chain on the man's freedom proves in the end more than he can bear; the vagabond in him calls out too strongly. The ideal intimacy of their first friendship receives its blow, and the end is inevitable. In spite of this the story may be said to have a happy ending, and Mrs. Grosvenor has depicted two out-of-the-common persons in a forceful, impressive manner, while showing skill also in her presentment of the minor characters which go to make the surroundings of this modern love story natural and interesting. It is good, quiet work with the right atmosphere in it.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

In **A Stranger Within the Gates: A Story of Severn Side** (6s.), Mr. F. J. Cox presents a sunny and charming romance of contemporary love. The leading characters in the book are Mary Trevanion, a winning little landed-proprietress of Socialist views; Hugh Martock, her rent-collector, a Socialist schoolmaster; Dora Saffery, whom he passionately loves; and "the stranger within the gates," Alec Lovell, a young miller, who is a trade rival of Dora's father. The story's interest is in the life-likeness of its characters, in the exceptional skill with which the author has captured the generous and mellow atmosphere of the West Country, and in the ripe dexterity with which he has unfolded his plot. It tells how Lovell, encompassed by the passionate love of Dora, the venomous hostility of her old father, and the jealous suspicions of Martock, dares to aspire to the hand of Mary Trevanion, and finds his audacity ultimately rewarded. The descriptive passages, notably that dealing with the flood, are written with a vivid imaginative realism. From the very beginning the interest rises steadily, and towards the close reaches a thrilling and absorbing climax. The literary quality of the novel is throughout unusually good.

Reprints and New Editions.

A new volume in the popular York Library, which Messrs. George Bell and Sons have so carefully and intelligently selected,

is **Transformation,** by Nathaniel Hawthorne (2s. net and 3s. net), that curiously fascinating romance of sculpture, known in the American edition as "The Marble Faun." The present edition is reprinted from the first edition, with a few slight alterations from the American edition, which, it is supposed, were the author's own work. The York Library has established its reputation, as a handy, tasteful, inexpensive series of valuable and widely-chosen masterpieces.

Messrs. Blackie and Son continue their Red Letter Library with their usual excellence of judgment. **Essays from the Spectator** (2s. 6d. net) make a piquant and delightful volume. The collection has been made by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany from Steele's and Addison's Essays on the minor morals. It is a collection which may impress us with the changes which have taken place in customs and surroundings since the eighteenth century, but will also impress us afresh with the unchangeableness of human nature. Mr. Bettany's "Introduction" is critical, brightly allusive, and suggestive; it is at times pungent, at times generously appreciative, and throughout well worth reading as a point of view.

New Books of the Month.

MAY 10TH TO JUNE 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRAHAM, W. H., D.D.—The Position of the Eucharist in Sunday Worship. 5s. net ..... (Masters and Co.)
The empty churches of a Sunday morning are deplored by all who give any thought to the force and influence of Christianity. Dr. Abraham is of opinion that, judging by the Roman and the Lutheran churches, it is the Eucharist which draws people to the morning services; and he argues in this volume in favour of the restoration of the Eucharist to its former position in the service of worship. It is a suggestive and encouraging discussion.

BIGG, CHARLES, D.D.—Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

BODLEY, J. E. C.—The Church in France. 3s. 6d. net (Constable)
For some time there has been a certain reading public awaiting Mr. Bodley's promised volume on the Church in France. Now, we have here, at any rate, a volume which, though not the promised volume, is an able and lucid and non-controversial account of the subject. The Church of France has undergone such important changes lately that this publication of two lectures delivered at the Royal Institution—by so sane and thoughtful an authority—comes as a timely and trustworthy guide.

COSAND, REV. J.—A New Theory of the Universe. 1s. (Methodist Publishing House, Toyko, Japan)

DAUBNEY, WILLIAM HEAFORD, B.D.—The Three Additions to Daniel: A Study. 5s. net (Deighton, Bell and Co.)
Attention is drawn in this interesting volume to the worth of the three Apocryphal books supplementary to "Daniel." Mr. Daubney is by no means dogmatical, but he has done good research work in ground which has been strangely neglected, and students and teachers owe him warm thanks for this thoughtful, well-arranged study of the subject.

EAVES, A. OSBORNE.—Thought, the Builder. 1s., 1s. 6d. (Talisman Publishing Co.)

EDGHILL, E. A., M.A.—An Enquiry into the Evidential Value of Prophecy. Preface by the Rt. Rev. H. E. Kyle, D.D. 7s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

FORREST, DAVID W., D.D.—The Authority of Christ. 6s. (T. and T. Clark)

FOTHERINGHAM, DAVID ROSS, M.A.—The Chronology of the Old Testament. 3s. net ... (Deighton, Bell, Camb.)

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HARDWICKE, W. W., M.D., M.R.C.P.—Sunday Observance: Its Origin and Meaning. 6d. ..... (Watts and Co.)

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